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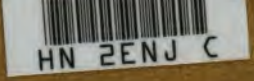

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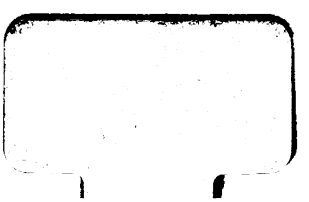

The Students' Series of English Classics.

JOAN OF ARC

AND OTHER SELECTIONS
FROM

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

I. JOAN OF ARC.
II. THE ENGLISH MAIL COACH.
III. LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

WITH INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

HENRY H. BELFIELD, PH.D.
DIRECTOR OF THE CHICAGO MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

NOT to know De Quincey is to be ignorant of some of the most remarkable literary products of the century. His writings, contributed originally to magazines, have taken a permanent place in literature. For breadth of scope, for power and delicacy of thought, and for beauty and clearness of style, he is surpassed by none of his contemporaries, if, indeed, he is equalled by any one of them. In logic, humor, irony; in subtle power of analysis; in an apparently intuitive skill in adapting language to thought; in richness of illustration; in his unparalleled imagination, De Quincey stands in the very front rank of authors of all time. His description of a great scholar is but a partial description of himself: "Not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones into the unity of breathing life."

It is doubtless true that the highest appreciation of De Quincey is possible only to those possessing a wide knowledge of literature and of men, and an imagination of unusual brilliancy; but it is also true that his writings can furnish a keen enjoyment to many not possessed of his own great qualities. It is hoped that the selections here given will stimulate thought, and lead to a closer acquaintance with this master of English prose.

CHICAGO, July, 1892. H. H. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in Manchester, August 15, 1785, and died in Edinburgh, December 8, 1859, at the age of seventy-four. The family was Norman, having crossed the channel with the Conqueror, as the boy Thomas, at the age of fifteen, proudly told His Majesty, George III. Says De Quincey: "The family ascended to the highest rank in both kingdoms (England and Scotland), and held the highest offices open to a subject." They took a distinguished part in at least one of the Crusades, and in the Barons' Wars in the time of Henry III. They were frequently, like many other noble houses, in arms against the reigning monarch; and, in the thirteenth century, the head of the house, the Earl of Winchester, was attainted for treason. The Quincys of Massachusetts are descended from the same stock.

The father of Thomas was a man of literary taste and ability, a successful merchant, who, dying at the age of thirty-nine, left a widow and six children. Mrs. De Quincey seems to have been a woman of unusual ability; and the ample income derived from her husband's estate (£1,600 a year) enabled her to give her children the education which her own excellent judgment prescribed for them. That De Quincey recognized (in later years, at least) the advantages of his childhood is evident from the following passage,

which refers, probably, to their life at Greenhay, the family mansion near Manchester: —

"We, the children of the house, stood, in fact, upon the very happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences. The prayer of Agur — 'Give me neither poverty nor riches' — was realized for us. That blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low. High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self-respect, and of simple dignity; obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Amply furnished with all the nobler benefits of wealth, with extra means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand, we knew nothing of its social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, not tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride. Grateful also to this hour I am that, amidst luxuries in all things else, we were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet — that we fared, in fact, very much less sumptuously than the servants. And if (after the model of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration, — that I lived in a rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid, pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church."

De Quincey possessed a delicately organized, sensitive nature, with an intellect wonderfully subtle. While he was from infancy given to day-dreaming, he was also singularly observant and alert. "My life," he says, "has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher. From my birth I was made an intellectual creature, and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits

and pleasures have been." "At less than eleven years of age, when as yet I was a very indifferent Grecian, I had become a brilliant master of Latinity, as my alcaics and choriambics remain to testify." "At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but would converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment." "'That boy,' said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me — 'that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one.'"

This mastery of the classics was obtained, notwithstanding his early education was somewhat desultory, with a clergyman in Manchester, at the Bath Grammar School, in a private school in Wiltshire, and in the Manchester Grammar School. To the last-named school he was sent at the age of fifteen, against his inclination and protests; and he found it so intolerable that, after enduring it for a year and a half, he left it by stealth, walking to his mother's home in Chester, a distance of forty miles. This escapade, or, as he calls it, "elopement," met his mother's emphatic disapproval; but, owing to the kind intercession of an uncle, he was granted an allowance of a guinea a week, with permission to reside in Wales. After living the life of a vagrant in North Wales for a few months, he suddenly went to the metropolis, hiding himself in "the nation of London," hoping to secure money from the money-lenders there on his "expectations." Here he suffered from absolute want of food and shelter, and would probably have died but for the succor of an outcast whom he ever after remembered with the deepest gratitude.

Of this part of his life De Quincey writes, in his "Confessions:" "I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suf-

fered who has survived it. A few fragments of bread from the breakfast table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support."

After a year of this London life De Quincey was reconciled to his guardians; and in 1803, at the age of nineteen, he entered Worcester College, Oxford.

De Quincey's sufferings in Wales and London, of which he says he has not told a thousandth part, doubtless left their impress upon him; for, years afterwards, Carlyle said of him: "*Eccovi!* look at him: this child has been in Hell."

De Quincey states that his residence at Oxford extended from 1803 to 1808, though his name appears on the books of his college till 1810. Apparently he followed his own fancy in reading, with but little regard to college requirements, and but little contact with the instructors. "I remember distinctly," he says, "the first (which happened also to be the last) conversation that I ever held with my tutor. It consisted of three sentences, two of which fell to his share, one to mine." He lived the life of a recluse, "did not speak one hundred words during his first two years at Oxford," and devoted himself to the study of literature, classical, German, and English. He speaks of "the tremendous hold taken of his entire sensibilities at this time by our own literature." He left Oxford without taking a degree.

It was during his second year at the University that he first tasted opium, and laid the foundations of that pernicious habit which shattered his will-power, and rendered him, sometimes for consecutive years, incapable of sustained exertion. In 1813 opium had become an article of daily diet. In 1816 he sometimes consumed eight thousand drops of laudanum per day. Later, he took as much as twelve thousand drops (or 120 grains of opium) daily. His struggles to free himself from

the chains of this appetite are depicted with great pathos in his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," first published in the *London Magazine* in 1821.

In 1809 De Quincey took up his abode at Grasmere, where he enjoyed the society of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Wilson, the famous "Lakists." Here he married, in 1816. The cottage which had been Wordsworth's was his home for twenty years; and he gives a glimpse of a charming domestic life in it thus: "Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. Make it populous with books, and furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot, — eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post;* for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's; — but no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil."

This "lovely young woman" was his wife, Margaret Simpson, whom he married in her nineteenth year, and who shared his lot for twenty-one years, leaving six children, the eldest, Margaret, a womanly girl less than twenty years old. Two children (boys) had preceded their mother to the grave.

De Quincey had now, under the goad of financial difficulties, entered upon his career of a writer of magazine articles, of

which he was the author of fully one hundred and fifty. From 1821 to 1825 he was a contributor to the *London Magazine*, spending much of his time in London. From 1825 to 1849 he wrote principally for Blackwood (fifty articles), and was frequently in Edinburgh. He also wrote for *Tait's Magazine*, and for *Hogg's Instructor*. His "Logic of Political Economy," the only one of his writings that first appeared in book form, was published in 1844, though written several years earlier.

His magazine articles were first republished, in volumes, in Boston, beginning in 1852, without his knowledge. The American publishers generously shared the profits of the venture with him. The first English edition of his collected writings was begun in 1853.

In 1830 De Quincey removed his home from Grasmere to Edinburgh; and in 1840 till his death he had a quiet cottage at Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh, in which city most of his time was spent.

For a few months prior and subsequent to his marriage, De Quincey had reduced his daily allowance of opium, with the most beneficial results. "It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set, as it were, and insulated in the gloomy umbrage of opium. Now, then, I was again happy; I now took only one thousand drops of laudanum per day, — and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth: my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before. I read Kant again, and again I understood him, or fancied that I did." But this reduction of the daily dose of the deadly drug was short-lived, and he was again in the power of the demon.

"Up to the middle of 1817 I judged myself to have been a happy man. But now farewell, a long farewell, to happiness, winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams,

and to the blessed consolations of sleep! For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these; I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes, for I have now to record the pains of opium." He seemed to have lost the power of will; since every duty was neglected,— studies, correspondence, domestic affairs. His nights were even more dreadful than his days. "I seemed every night to descend — not metaphorically, but literally to descend — into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon, because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words."

From this condition he aroused himself by a desperate effort. "A crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life. I saw that I must die if I continued the opium. I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off." But he never entirely abstained from the use of opium.

De Quincey is thus described by Mr. J. R. Findlay: "A short and fragile, but well-proportioned frame; a shapely and compact head; a face beaming with intellectual light, with rare, almost feminine beauty of feature and complexion; a fascinating courtesy of manner; and a fulness, swiftness, and elegance of silvery speech, — such was the irresistible 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' that men named De Quincey. He possessed in a high degree what the American poet Lowell calls 'the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere persuasive and nowhere emphatic;' and his whole aspect and manner exercised an undefinable attraction over every one, gentle or simple, who came within its influence."

John Hill Burton, in his "Book Hunter," thus describes De Quincey under the name "Papaverius:" —

"No one speaks of waiting dinner for him. He will come and depart at his own sweet will, neither burdened with punctualities nor burdening others by exacting them. The festivities of the afternoon are far on, when a commotion is heard in the hall, as if some dog or other stray animal had forced its way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival: he opens the door and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? A street boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and, buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a party-colored belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list shoes, for it is a stormy winter night; and the trousers — some one suggests that they are inner linen garments blackened with writing-ink, but that Papaverius never would have been at the trouble so to disguise them. What can be the theory of such a costume? The simplest thing in the world, — it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand. Had chance thrown to him a court single-breasted coat, with a bishop's apron, a kilt, and top-boots, in these he would have made his entry.

"The first impression that a boy has appeared vanishes instantly."

In Mrs. Gordon's life of her father, Professor Wilson, with whom De Quincey was intimate, is this characteristic story: —

"I remember his coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him; and they found each other such good company that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the

greater part of a year. During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: 'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form.' The cook, a Scotchwoman, had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but, after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain maister that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his hann; and here's a' this claver aboot a bit mutton nae bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at.'"

During the last few years of his life his evenings were usually spent with his daughters at Lasswade. Here the charming character of the man appeared. One of his daughters thus describes an evening in their modest home: —

"The newspaper was brought out, and he, telling in his own delightful way, rather than reading, the news, would, on questions from this one or that one of the party, often including young friends of his children, neighbors or visitors from distant places, illuminate the subject with such a wealth of memories, of old stories, of past or present experiences, of humor, of suggestion, even of prophecy, as by its very wealth makes it impossible to give any taste of it. He was not a reassuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire, the commonest incident being for some one to look up from book or work to say casually, '*Papa, your hair is on fire;*' of which a calm '*Is it, my love?*' and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken."

"De Quincey has fully defined his own position and claim to distinction in the preface to his collected works. These he divides into three classes: '*first*, that class which proposes primarily to amuse the reader,' such as the 'Narratives, Autobiographic Sketches, etc., '*second*, papers which address themselves purely to the understanding as an insulated faculty, or do so primarily,' such as the essays on Essenism, the Cæsars, Cicero, etc.; and, finally, as a *third* class, 'and, in virtue of their aim, as a far higher class of compositions,' he ranks those modes of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature, such as the 'Confessions' and 'Suspiria de Profundis.' The high claim here asserted has been so far questioned; and short and isolated examples of eloquent apostrophe and highly wrought imaginative description have been cited from Rousseau and other masters of style: but De Quincey's power of sustaining a fascinating and elevating strain of 'impassioned prose' is allowed

to be entirely his own. In this his genius most emphatically asserts itself; if it be not admitted that in that dread circle *none* durst walk but he, it will be without hesitation conceded that there he moves supreme. Another obvious quality of all his genius is its overflowing fulness of allusion and illustration, recalling his own description of a great philosopher or scholar, — 'Not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones into the unity of breathing life.' To the discussion of things new, as readily as of things old, aided by a capacious, retentive, and ready memory, which dispensed with references to printed pages, he brought also the exquisite keenness and subtlety of his highly analytic and imaginative intellect, the illustrative stores of his vast and varied erudition, and that large infusion of common-sense which preserved him from becoming at any time a mere *doctrinaire* or visionary. Surprising as his literary achievements are, his capabilities were still greater; and the general survey leaves the impression of regret that, doing so much so well, he did not do more, or did not less better. Some things in his own line he has done perfectly: he has written many pages of magnificently mixed argument, irony, humor, and eloquence, which, for sustained brilliancy, richness, subtle force, and purity of style and effect, have simply no parallels; and he is without peer the prince of dreamers. The use of opium no doubt stimulated this remarkable faculty of reproducing in skilfully selected phrase the grotesque and shifting forms of that 'cloudland, gorgeous land,' which opens to the sleep-closed eye; but the faculty itself was a specialty of his constitution, colored by the quality of his genius, and enriched by the acquisitions of his intellect.

"To the appreciation of De Quincey the reader must bring

an imaginative faculty somewhat akin to his own, — a certain general culture, and large knowledge of books, and men, and things. Otherwise much of that slight and delicate allusion that gives point and color and charm to his writings will be missed; and on this account the full enjoyment and comprehension of De Quincey must always remain a luxury of the literary and intellectual. But his skill in narration, his rare pathos, his wide sympathies, the pomp of his dream-descriptions, the exquisite playfulness of his lighter dissertations, and his abounding though delicate and subtle humor, commend him to a larger class. He was a born critic and dreamer, a logician by instinct and culture, a student by choice, a scholar by right of conquest of the stores of many minds, a writer of English of the first quality by dint of native command of language and lifelong study and practice. His style, full and flexible, pure and polished, is peculiarly his own. It consists simply in the reader's assurance of the writer's complete mastery over all the infinite applicability and resources of the English language." — J. R. FINDLAY.

"De Quincey ranges with great freedom over the accumulated wealth of the language, his capacious memory giving him a prodigious command of words. His range is perhaps wider than either Macaulay's or Carlyle's, as he is more versatile in the 'pitch' of his style, and does not disdain to use the 'slang' of all classes, from Cockney to Oxonian." — DAVID MASSON.

"A great deal of De Quincey's best and most characteristic writing is in the stately and elaborate style here described [Professor Masson has been quoting a passage from De Quincey's comparison of the styles of Hazlitt and Lamb], — the style of sustained splendor, of prolonged wheeling and soaring, as distinct from the style of crackle and brief glitter, of chirp and short flight. This is precisely on account of the exalted and

intricate nature of his meaning and feeling in those cases; and, if some readers there fall off from him or dislike him, it is because they themselves are deficient in wing and sinew. For those who do adhere to him and follow him in his passages of more involved and sustained eloquence, there are few greater pleasures possible in modern English prose. However magnificent the wording, there is always such an exact fit between it and the amount and shape of the under-fluctuating thought, that suspicion of inflation or bombast never occurs to one. The same presence everywhere of a vigilant intellect appears in the perfect logical articulation of sentence with sentence, and of clause with clause; while the taste of the technical artist appears equally in the study of minute optical coherence in the imagery and in the fastidious care for fine sound. In this last quality of style — to which, in its lowest degree, Bentham gave the name of *pronunciability*, insisting most strenuously on its importance in all writing — De Quincey is a master. Such was the delicacy of his ear, however, that mere *pronunciability* was not enough for him, and *musical beauty* had to be superadded. Once, writing of Father Newman, and having described him as 'originally the ablest son of Puseyism, but now a powerful architect of religious philosophy on his own account,' he interrupts himself to explain that he might have ended the sentence more briefly by substituting for the last nine words the single phrase 'master-builder,' but that his ear could not endure 'a sentence ending with two consecutive trochees, and each of these trochees ending with the same syllable *er*.' He adds, 'Ah, reader, I would that the gods had made thee rhythmical, that thou mightest comprehend the thousandth part of my labors in the evasion of cacophony.'" — DAVID MASSON.

DE QUINCEY'S STYLE.

[An able discussion of the style of De Quincey is given by Professor William Minto, in his "Manual of English Prose Literature," to which the teacher is referred.]

ITS ELEMENTS.

De Quincey was partial to words of Latin origin, and by their use gained precision in the expression of his thought and a rhythm impossible with an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. But there is nothing in his writings suggestive of the style of Johnson.

His writings abound in illustrations of the periodic sentence, always stately, but frequently long and involved. His has been called "the most eminent of modern masters" of periodic style; but his sentences are occasionally overloaded with qualifying clauses and parenthetical allusions to such an extent that many readers find difficulty in comprehending him. His desire to connect his sentences properly often produces this result. "The two capital secrets of prose composition," he remarks, "are these: first, the philosophy of transition and connection; second, the way in which sentences are made to modify each other." Professor Bain says of one of De Quincey's long sentences: "The words that make reference to what precedes . . . . form a considerable part of the sentence. Such profusion is characteristic of the author. The writings of De Quincey deserve especial mention on the point of explicit reference." But De Quincey knew

the value of short sentences. See, for instance, the passage on page 66, beginning, "There is the great English Prince."

De Quincey delights in tropes. "He uses comparatively few formal similitudes," says Minto, "but his pages are thickly strewn with 'tropes,' with metaphors, personifications, synecdoches, and metonymies."

ITS QUALITIES.

His style cannot be called simple: it is frequently abstruse. But, if not always clear, it is exact. Minto says, "None of our writers in general literature have shown themselves so scrupulously precise. His works are still the crowning delicacy for lovers of formal, punctilious exactness." They abound in examples of strength, elevation, and sublimity, in pathos and in humor. His "Joan of Arc" furnishes many examples of deep pathos; while touches of delicate wit and humor illumine the driest subjects. His sense of the ludicrous seems sometimes to lead him beyond the bounds of good taste. But these are minor blemishes in a style that may be studied to advantage by any one. Of the melody and harmony of his style, Minto thus speaks: —

"The melody of De Quincey's prose is pre-eminently rich and stately. He takes rank with Milton as one of our greatest masters of stately cadence, as well as of sublime composition. If one may trust one's ear for a general impression, Milton's melody is sweeter and more varied; but for magnificent effects, at least in prose, the palm must probably be assigned to De Quincey. In some of De Quincey's grandest passages the language can be compared only to the swell and crash of an orchestra."

"The crowning glory of his writings is their style, so full of involved melody, so exact and careful, so rich in magnificent

apostrophes, so markedly original, so polished and elaborate. He never forgot that the prose writer, if he wishes to attain excellence, must be as much of an artist as the poet, and fashion his periods and paragraphs with as much care as the poet elaborates his rhymes and cadences. Many passages might be quoted from De Quincey of which the melody is so striking as to irresistibly attract attention, and make us linger lovingly over them, apart altogether from the matter they contain."—NICOLL'S "*Landmarks of English Literature.*"

"Though De Quincey was convinced that prose was his forte, and wisely worked in it, he had not a little of that poetic genius which is found in all great prose writers, and is intensified, as in his case so fully, by an intimate acquaintance with the best specimens of poetry. He had what lies below all high expression in prose or poetry — the instinct of literary form — what Matthew Arnold would call the sense of beauty. Intellectual as his style was, it was conspicuously artistic, and in this he has done the unspeakable service of showing that the best work in prose literature is neither the purely didactic nor the purely imaginative, but is seen in the judicious combination of those elements in what may be termed the expression of thought in æsthetic form."—HUNT'S "*English Prose Writers.*"

"One may fancy that if De Quincey's language were emptied of all meaning whatever, the mere sound of the words would move us, as the lovely word Mesopotamia moved Whitefield's hearers. The sentences are so delicately balanced, and so skilfully constructed, that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of meter. Humbler writers are content if they can get through a single phrase without producing a jar. They aim at keeping up a steady jog-trot, which shall not give actual pain to the jaws of the readers. Even

our great writers generally settle down to a stately but monotonous gait, after the fashion of Johnson or Gibbon, or are content with adopting a style as transparent and inconspicuous as possible. Language, according to the common phrase, is the dress of thought; and that dress is best, according to modern canons of taste, which attracts least attention from its wearer. De Quincey scorns this sneering maxim of prudence, and boldly challenges our admiration by appearing in the richest coloring that can be got out of the dictionary. His language deserves a commendation sometimes bestowed by ladies upon rich garments, that it is capable of standing up by itself. The form is so admirable that, for purposes of criticism, we must consider it as something apart from the substance. The most exquisite passages in De Quincey's writings are all more or less attempts to carry out the idea expressed in the title of the "Dream Fugue." They are intended to be musical compositions, in which words have to play the part of notes. They are impassioned, not in the sense of expressing any definite sentiment, but because, from the structure and combination of the sentences, they harmonize with certain phases of emotion. It is in the success with which he produces such effects as these that De Quincey may fairly claim to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled in our language. Melancholy and an awe-stricken sense of the vast and vague are the emotions which he communicates with the greatest power; though the melancholy is too dreamy to deserve the name of passion, and the terror of the infinite is not explicitly connected with any religious emotion. It is a proof of the fineness of his taste that he scarcely ever falls into bombast. We tremble at his audacity in accumulating gorgeous phrases; but we confess that he is justified by the result. I know of no other modern writer who has soared into the same regions with so uniform and easy a flight." — LESLIE STEPHEN'S "*Hours in a Library*."

JOAN OF ARC.

[Since De Quincey did not purpose "to write the history of *La Pucelle*," a brief sketch of her life is here given.]

WHEN Joan of Arc presented herself before the Dauphin near the close of The Hundred Years' War, France was on the verge of total exhaustion. The wretched nation had suffered from foreign invasion and intestine strife.

The best blood of its gallant men had been shed on the fatal fields of Crecy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt. Its loyal women and tender children had shared with their husbands and fathers the famine fever of the sieges of Rouen and of Meaux. The English Henry had conquered Normandy, and was striving to win its loyalty to himself, when the assassination of the Duke of Burgundy by the Dauphin had again plunged the country into the horrors of fratricidal warfare. The new Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, had become the fierce ally of the English invader. The treaty of Troyes (1420) had declared Henry V. Regent of France and heir to its throne on the death of Charles VI.; had commanded all princes, peers, vassals, and communities of France to swear allegiance to Henry; had placed the administration of the affairs of the kingdom in Henry's hands, and had united Henry, Charles, and Philip in active warfare against the Dauphin and his followers. Henry had entered Paris in triumph, and had been solemnly recognized by the States-General of the realm as the future sovereign of France.

Even the death of Henry and of Charles (1422) brought no relief to unhappy France; for the infant Henry VI. had been at once proclaimed King of France, and the Dauphin had assumed the title of Charles VII. The Duke of Bedford, the warlike brother of the late king, had assumed the command of the allied forces, had defeated the Dauphin at Verneuil (1424), and had now invested Orleans (1428).

"Seldom has the extinction of a nation's independence appeared more inevitable than was the case in France when the English invaders completed their lines round Orleans. A series of dreadful defeats had thinned the chivalry of France, and daunted the spirits of her soldiers. A foreign king had been proclaimed in her capital, and foreign armies of the bravest veterans, led by the ablest captains then known in the world, occupied the fairest portions of her territory. Worse to her, even, than the fierceness and the strength of her foes, were the factions, the vices, and the crimes of her own children. Her native prince was a dissolute trifler, stained with the assassination of the most powerful noble of the land, whose son, in revenge, had leagued himself with the enemy. Many more of her nobility, many of her prelates, her magistrates, and rulers, had sworn fealty to the English king. The condition of the peasantry amid the general prevalence of anarchy and brigandage, which were added to the customary devastations of contending armies, was wretched beyond the power of language to describe." — CREASY: *Fifteen Decisive Battles*, chap. ix.

It was at this crisis, when the English were masters of all French territory north of the Loire, when Orleans, the last stronghold of the French national party, the only remaining obstacle to the entire subjugation of the kingdom, had already offered to surrender to the Duke of Burgundy, when the pusil-

lanimous Charles was preparing to abandon the country which he was too weak to save, — it was at this supreme moment of despair that Joan of Arc appears. "Gentle Dauphin," said she, "my name is Jeanne the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims."

Joan of Arc (or Jeanne d'Arc, or perhaps more properly, Joanneta Darc) was born about 1411, at Domrémy, a village partly in Champagne, partly in Lorraine. She was the third daughter of Jacques Darc, a peasant proprietor, and his wife, Isabeau de Vauthon. Joan was a strong, healthy girl, proficient in housework, unable to read or write, taught by her mother to repeat the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, and the Credo. As she grew to womanhood her thoughts seemed to be fixed on the unhappy condition of her country. Her ardent patriotism, sympathetic nature, and earnest piety led her to spend much time in meditation and prayer for her country. Her vivid imagination assisted her belief in the reality of supernatural visitation. These "Heavenly Voices," as she called them, were first perceived by her about the age of thirteen; and she persisted to the bitter end that she had been directed by them. She was convinced that it was her duty to relieve Orleans, and cause the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. Accordingly, against the wishes of her parents, to whom in all other respects she had been a dutiful daughter, she secured an audience with Charles, then holding court at Chinon. After considerable hesitancy Charles accepted her proffered assistance; and she soon marched with four thousand or five thousand men to the relief of Orleans. April 29, 1429, she entered Orleans at the head of her relieving army. The French were greatly inspirited by her presence, attributing her success to divine interposition. The English were correspondingly depressed in spirit, believing Joan to be in league

with the devil. The English raised the siege of Orleans May 8, 1429. The French pursued, defeating the English in the decisive battle of Patay, and driving them north of the Loire. July 17, of the same year, Charles was crowned at Rheims; and Joan, having accomplished her divinely inspired mission, the relief of Orleans and the crowning of Charles, begged to be relieved of all further duty, and to be permitted to retire to the home of her parents. She was prevailed upon, however, to continue with the army; and fought with equal devotion, though perhaps with less enthusiasm, declaring that she would perish within a year. In a disastrous attack on Paris, September 8, she was severely wounded; and on the 24th of May, 1430, while leading an unsuccessful sortie from Compiègne, she was captured by the Burgundians.

Through the malignity of the Bishop of Beauvais, and the perseverance of the University of Paris and the Inquisition, Joan was sold to the English for a large sum of money; and on the 3d of January, 1431, she was delivered for trial to the Inquisition, on the charge of being a heretic and a sorcerer. Her judges, with one exception French priests and prelates, condemned her to death. She was pardoned May 24; but having been induced by her keepers to resume her male attire, she was deemed to have relapsed; and May 30, 1431, she was burned alive in the market-place of Rouen.

By a decree of the pope, July 7, 1456, her sentence was revoked; and since that time Catholic writers have maintained the genuineness of her divine inspiration.

A monument to her memory marks the spot where she was burned, and an equestrian statue has been erected to her memory in Paris.

Joan of Arc was one of many persons, such, for instance, as Savonarola, who have claimed to receive supernatural aid through visible and audible means. That she was honest in

this belief there can be no doubt. In her dungeon, but a short time before her execution, she said, "Yes, I have seen these apparitions clearly, as clearly as I have seen the rush of battle and the gleam of sword and spear." And in the midst of the flames which destroyed her young body, she exclaimed, "Yes, my voices *were* from God; they have *not* deceived me!"

Neither can a shadow of suspicion rest upon the purity of her life and the integrity of her purpose. Nothing swerved her from the great object of her life. The pleasures of the French court she despised; and the ennobling of her family under the name of *du Lis* seemed to her, peasant girl as she was, but a bauble.

Her success in arms was probably due to the enthusiasm which she roused in the French soldiery, who were fully persuaded of the truth of her claims to divine inspiration and leadership. The success of the loyal French under her generalship (if such a term can properly be applied to her enthusiastic and dogged fighting) is astonishing. Joan marched from Blois to Orleans with the relieving army, April 25; and on July 16, less than three months, Charles was crowned at Rheims. That the English recognized Joan as the cause of the turn in their fortunes is known from contemporary writers. The Duke of Bedford thus writes to his nephew, Henry VI.: —

"And alle thing there prospered for you til the tyme of the Siege of Orleans, taken in hand God knoweth by what advis.

"At the which tyme, after the adventure fallen to the persone of my cousin of Salisbury [Salisbury was killed by a cannon-ball during the siege], whom God assoille, there felle, by the hand of God as it seemeth, a great strook upon your peuple that was assembled there in grete nombre, caused in grete partie, as y trowe, of lakke of sad beleve, and of unlevefulle doubte, that thei hadde of a deciple and lyme of the Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchantments and sorcerie.

"The whiche strooke and discomfiture nott oonly lessed in grete partie the nombre of your peuple there, but as well withdrewe the courage of the remenant in merveillous wyse, and couraiged your adverse partie and ennemys to assemble them forthwith in grete nombre."

In fact, the siege of Orleans was the turning-point of English dominion in France. From that time they continually lost ground, until, in 1452, of all their extensive possessions, only Calais remained.

The life of Joan of Arc, whom the English historian Green (J. R.) describes as "the one pure figure which rises out of the greed, the lust, the selfishness, and unbelief of the time," has been written many times in various languages. The principal lives in English are by Harriet Parr (1866), Mrs. Bray (1874), and Janet Tuckey (1880). The article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, is brief and pointed. See also Michelet's and Kitchin's Histories of France: also Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles," and Hallam's "Middle Ages." The Encyclopædia Britannica says: "All previous works on Joan of Arc were deprived of a great part of their critical value by the publication, in five volumes, of the "Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jean d'Arc," edited by J. Quicherat. The record of the "Procès de Condamnation" consisted originally of the official notes of the trial, afterwards edited in Latin by P. Cauchon, and bears internal marks of general truthfulness." A French translation of the "Procès" appeared in 1868.

Joan has also been the subject of many dramas and poems, of which the principal are, Schiller's "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" and Southey's "Joan of Arc."

SELECTIONS FROM THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

JOAN OF ARC.

IN REFERENCE TO M. MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

WHAT is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voice of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his

people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace.* When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short: and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that

life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; — these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her.*

. . . . . .

But stay. What reason is there for taking up this subject of Joanna precisely in the spring of 1847? Might it not have been left till the spring of 1947; or, perhaps, left till called for? Yes, but it *is* called for; and clamorously. You are aware, reader, that amongst the many original thinkers whom modern France has produced, one of the reputed leaders is M. Michelet. All these writers are of a revolutionary cast; not in a political sense merely, but in all senses; mad, oftentimes, as March hares; crazy with the laughing-gas of recovered liberty; drunk with the wine-cup of their mighty revolution; snorting, whinnying, throwing up their heels, like wild horses in the boundless pampas, and running races of defiance with snipes, or with the winds, or with their own shadows, if they can find nothing else to challenge. Some time or other I, that have leisure to read, may introduce *you*, that have not, to two or three dozen of these writers; of whom I can assure you beforehand, that they are often profound, and at intervals are even as impassioned as if they were come of our best English blood. But now, confining our attention to M. Michelet, we in England — who know him best by his worst book, the book against priests, etc. — know him disadvantageously. That book is a rhapsody of incoherence. But his "History of France" is quite another thing. A man, in whatsoever craft he sails, cannot stretch away out of sight when he is linked to the windings of the shore by towing-ropes of history. Facts, and the consequences of facts, draw the writer back to the falconer's lure from the giddiest heights of

speculation. Here, therefore, — in his "France," — if not always free from flightiness, if now and then off like a rocket for an airy wheel in the clouds, M. Michelet, with natural politeness, never forgets that he has left a large audience waiting for him on earth, and gazing upwards in anxiety for his return: return, therefore, he does. But history, though clear of certain temptations in one direction, has separate dangers of its own. It is impossible so to write a history of France, or of England — works becoming every hour more indispensable to the inevitably political man of this day — without perilous openings for error. If I, for instance, on the part of England, should happen to turn my labors in that channel, and (on the model of Lord Percy going to Chevy Chase)

> "A vow to God should make
> My pleasure in the Michelet woods
> Three summer days to take,"

probably, from simple delirium, I might hunt M. Michelet into *delirium tremens*. Two strong angels stand by the side of history, whether French history or English, as heraldic supporters: the angel of research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments, and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of *asbestos* were cleansed, and must quicken them into regenerated life. Willingly I acknowledge that no man will ever avoid innumerable errors of detail; with so vast a compass of ground to

traverse, this is impossible; but such errors (though I have a bushel on hand, at M. Michelet's service) are not the game I chase; it is the bitter and unfair spirit in which M. Michelet writes against England. Even *that*, after all, is but my secondary object; the real one is Joanna the Pucelle d'Orleans for herself.

I am not going to write the History of *La Pucelle:* to do this, or even circumstantially to report the history of her persecution and bitter death, of her struggle with false witnesses and with ensnaring judges, it would be necessary to have before us *all* the documents, and therefore the collection only now forthcoming in Paris. But *my* purpose is narrower. There have been great thinkers, disdaining the careless judgments of contemporaries, who have thrown themselves boldly on the judgment of a far posterity, that should have had time to review, to ponder, to compare. There have been great actors on the stage of tragic humanity that might, with the same depth of confidence, have appealed from the levity of compatriot friends — too heartless for the sublime interest of their story, and too impatient for the labor of sifting its perplexities — to the magnanimity and justice of enemies. To this class belongs the Maid of Arc. The ancient Romans were too faithful to the ideal of grandeur in themselves not to relent, after a generation or two, before the grandeur of Hannibal. Mithridates — a more doubtful person — yet merely for the magic perseverance of his indomitable malice, won from the same Romans the only real honor that ever he received on earth. And we English have ever shown

the same homage to stubborn enmity. To work unflinchingly for the ruin of England; to say through life, by word and by deed, *Delenda est Anglia Victrix!* that one purpose of malice, faithfully pursued, has quartered some people upon our national funds of homage as by a perpetual annuity. Better than an inheritance of service rendered to England herself, has sometimes proved the most insane hatred to England. Hyder Ali, even his son Tippoo, though so far inferior, and Napoleon, have all benefited by this disposition amongst ourselves to exaggerate the merit of diabolic enmity. Not one of these men was ever capable, in a solitary instance, of praising an enemy [what do you say to *that*, reader?], and yet in *their* behalf, we consent to forget, not their crimes only, but (which is worse) their hideous bigotry and anti-magnanimous egotism, for nationality it was not. Suffrein, and some half-dozen of other French nautical heroes, because rightly they did us all the mischief they could (which was really great), are names justly reverenced in England. On the same principle, La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen.

Joanna, as we in England should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne (or, as M. Michelet asserts, Jean) d'Arc, was born at Domrémy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne, and dependent upon the town of Vaucouleurs. I have called her a Lorrainer, not simply because the word is prettier, but because Champagne too odiously reminds us English of

what are for *us* imaginary wines, which, undoubtedly, *La Pucelle* tasted as rarely as we English; we English, because the champagne of London is chiefly grown in Devonshire; *La Pucelle*, because the champagne of Champagne never, by any chance, flowed into the fountain of Domrémy, from which only she drank. M. Michelet will have her to be a *Champenoise*, and for no better reason than that she "took after her father," who happened to be a *Champenois*.

These disputes, however, turn on refinements too nice. Domrémy stood upon the frontiers, and, like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race representing the *cis* and the *trans*. A river (it is true) formed the boundary-line at this point — the river Meuse; and *that*, in old days, might have divided the populations; but in these days it did not: there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so much for travellers that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great highroad between France and Germany, *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's cross, or letter ×. I hope the compositor will choose a good large ×, in which case the point of intersection, the *locus* of conflux and intersection for these four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's-breadth where it was that Domrémy stood. Those roads, so grandly situated, as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms, and haunted forever by wars,

or rumors of wars, decussated (for anything I know to the contrary) absolutely under Joanna's bedroom window; one rolling away to the right, past Monsieur d'Arc's old barn, and the other unaccountably preferring to sweep round that odious man's pig-sty to the left.

On whichever side of the border chance had thrown Joanna, the same love to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine had for generations pursued the policy of eternal warfare with France on their own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the throat of France. Let France be assailed by a formidable enemy, and instantly you saw a duke of Lorraine insisting on having his own throat cut in support of France; which favor accordingly was cheerfully granted to him in three great successive battles — twice by the English, viz., at Crécy and Agincourt, once by the Sultan at Nicopolis.

This sympathy with France during great eclipses, in those that during ordinary seasons were always teasing her with brawls and guerilla inroads, strengthened the natural piety to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house. The outposts of France, as one may call the great frontier provinces, were of all localities the most devoted to the Fleurs de Lis. To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin that in gentler weather

was forever tilting at the breast of France, could not but fan the zeal of France's legitimate daughters: whilst to occupy a post of honor on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France, would naturally stimulate this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardor. To say, this way lies the road to Paris, and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle, this to Prague, that to Vienna, nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the high-road itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic duty.

The situation, therefore, *locally*, of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurtling* with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years. The battle of Agincourt, in Joanna's childhood, had reopened the wounds of France. Crécy and Poictiers, those withering overthrows for the chivalry of France, had before Agincourt occurred, been tranquillized by more than half a century; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and end-

less skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago, seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow that echoed their own. The monarchy of France labored in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor king (Charles VI.) falling in at such a crisis, like the case of women laboring in childbirth during the storming of a city, trebled the awfulness of the time. Even the wild story of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion of this madness — the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniacal himself, coming out of a forest at noonday, laying his hand upon the bridle of the king's horse, checking him for a moment to say, 'O king, thou art betrayed,' and then vanishing, no man knew whither, as he had appeared for no man knew what — fell in with the universal prostration of mind that laid France on her knees, as before the slow unweaving of some ancient prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe — these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp; but these were transitory chords. There have been others of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of the Crusades, the destruction of the Templars, the Papal interdicts, the tragedies caused or suffered by the house of Anjou, and by the emperor, — these were full of a more permanent significance. But, since then, the colossal figure of feudalism was seen standing, as it were, on tiptoe, at Crécy, for flight from earth; that was

a revolution unparalleled; yet *that* was a trifle, by comparison with the more fearful revolutions that were mining below the Church. By her own internal schisms, by the abominable spectacle of a double pope — so that no man, except through political bias, could even guess which was Heaven's vicegerent, and which the creature of hell — the Church was rehearsing, as in still earlier forms she had already rehearsed, those vast rents in her foundations which no man should ever heal.

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the skies, that to the scientific gazer first caught the colors of the *new* morning in advance. But the whole vast range alike of sweeping glooms overhead, dwelt upon all meditative minds, even upon those that could not distinguish the tendencies nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore, not her own age alone, as affected by its immediate calamities, that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind; but her own age, as one section in a vast mysterious drama, unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer continually to some dreadful crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring ahead; and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which answered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye, even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanna should see angelic visions and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her forever the duty, self imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt

gave way; and she left her home forever in order to present herself at the dauphin's court.

The education of this poor girl was mean, according to the present standard: was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard: and only not good for our age because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad *Misereres* of the Romish Church; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Te Deums* of Rome: she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of the same Church. But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view: certain weeds mark poverty in the soil, fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before cities, does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of the licensed victualler. A village is too much for her nervous delicacy: at most, she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, in what strength the fairies mustered at Domrémy; and, by a satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domrémy — those were the glories of

the land: for in them abode mysterious power and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. "Abbeys there were, and abbey windows," — "like Moorish temples of the Hindoos," that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forest for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness. This sort of religious talisman being secured, a man the most afraid of ghosts (like myself, suppose, or the reader) becomes armed into courage to wander for days in their sylvan recesses. The mountains of the Vosges, on the eastern frontier of France, have never attracted much notice from Europe, except in 1813–14 for a few brief months, when they fell within Napoleon's line of defence against the Allies. But they are interesting for this, amongst other features, that they do not, like some loftier ranges, repel woods: the forests and the hills are on sociable terms. *Live and let live* is their motto. For this reason, in part, these tracts in Lorraine were a favorite hunting-ground with the Carlovingian princes. About six hundred years before Joanna's childhood, Charlemagne was known to have hunted there. That, of itself, was a grand incident in the traditions of a forest or a chase. In these vast forests, also, were to be found (if anywhere to be found) those mysterious fawns that tempted solitary hunters

into visionary and perilous pursuits. Here was seen (if anywhere seen) that ancient stag who was already nine hundred years old, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar. I believe Charlemagne knighted the stag; and, if ever he is met again by a king, he ought to be made an earl — or, being upon the marches of France, a marquis. Observe, I don't absolutely vouch for all these things: my own opinion varies. On a fine breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical; but, as twilight sets in, my credulity grows steadily, till it becomes equal to anything that could be desired. And I have heard candid sportsmen declare that, outside of these very forests, they laughed loudly at all the dim tales connected with their haunted solitude; but, on reaching a spot notoriously eighteen miles deep within them, they agreed with Sir Roger de Coverley, that a good deal might be said on both sides.

Such traditions, or any others that (like the stag) connect distant generations with each other, are, for that cause, sublime; and the sense of the shadowy, connected with such appearances that reveal themselves or not according to circumstances, leaves a coloring of sanctity over ancient forests, even in those minds that utterly reject the legend as a fact.

But, apart from all distinct stories of that order, in any solitary frontier between two great empires, as here, for instance, or in the desert between Syria and the Euphrates, there is an inevitable tendency in minds of any deep sensibility, to people the solitudes with phan-

tom images of powers that were of old so vast. Joanna, therefore, in her quiet occupation of a shepherdess, would be led continually to brood over the political condition of her country, by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementoes of the local present.

M. Michelet, indeed, says that La Pucelle was *not* a shepherdess. I beg his pardon: she *was*. What he rests upon, I guess pretty well: it is the evidence of a woman called Haumette, the most confidential friend of Joanna. Now, she is a good witness, and a good girl, and I like her; for she makes a natural and affectionate report of Joanna's ordinary life. But still, however good she may be as a witness, Joanna is better; and she, when speaking to the dauphin, calls herself in the Latin report *Bergereta*. Even Haumette confesses that Joanna tended sheep in her girlhood. And I believe that if Miss Haumette were taking coffee alone with me this very evening (February 12, 1847) — in which there would be no subject for scandal or for maiden blushes, because I am an intense philosopher, and Miss H. would be hard upon four hundred and fifty years — she would admit the following comment upon her evidence to be right. A Frenchman, about forty years ago, M. Simond, in his "Travels," mentions incidentally the following hideous scene as one steadily observed and watched by himself, in chivalrous France, not very long before the French Revolution: A peasant was ploughing; the team that drew his plough was a donkey and a woman. Both were regularly harnessed: both pulled alike. This is bad enough; but the Frenchman adds that, in distribut-

ing his lashes, the peasant was obviously desirous of being impartial; or, if either the yoke fellows had a right to complain, certainly it was not the donkey. Now, in any country where such degradation of females could be tolerated by the state of manners, a woman of delicacy would shrink from acknowledging, either for herself or her friend, that she had ever been addicted to any mode of labor not strictly domestic; because, if once owning herself a prædial servant, she would be sensible that this confession extended by probability in the hearer's thoughts to the having incurred indignities of this horrible kind. Haumette clearly thinks it more dignified for Joanna to have been darning the stockings of her horny-hoofed father, Monsieur d'Arc, than keeping sheep, lest she might then be suspected of having ever done something worse. But, luckily, there was no danger of *that:* Joanna never was in service; and my opinion is that her father should have mended his own stockings, since probably he was the party to make holes in them, as many a better man than d'Arc does; meaning by *that* not myself, because, though probably a better man than d'Arc, I protest against doing anything of the kind. If I lived even with Friday in Juan Fernandez, either Friday must do all the darning, or else it must go undone. The better men that I meant were the sailors in the British navy, every man of whom mends his own stockings. Who else is to do it? Do you suppose, reader, that the junior lords of the admiralty are under articles to darn for the navy?

The reason, meantime, for my systematic hatred of

d'Arc is this: There was a story current in France before the Revolution, framed to ridicule the pauper aristocracy, who happened to have long pedigrees and short rent rolls; viz., that a head of such a house, dating from the Crusades, was overheard saying to his son, a Chevalier of St. Louis, "*Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*" Now, it is clearly made out by the surviving evidence that d'Arc would much have preferred continuing to say, "*Ma fille, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*" to saying, "*Pucelle d'Orleans, as-tu sauvé les fleurs-de-lis?*" There is an old English copy of verses which argues thus: —

> "If the man that turnips cries
> Cry not when his father dies —
> Then 'tis plain the man had rather
> Have a turnip than his father."

I cannot say that the logic in these verses was ever *entirely* to my satisfaction. I do not see my way through it as clearly as could be wished. But I see my way more clearly through d'Arc; and the result is — that he would greatly have preferred not merely a turnip to his father, but saving a pound or so of bacon to saving the Oriflamme of France.

It is probable (as M. Michelet suggests) that the title of Virgin, or *Pucelle*, had in itself, and apart from the miraculous stories about her, a secret power over the rude soldiery and partisan chiefs of that period; for, in such a person, they saw a representative manifestation

of the Virgin Mary, who in a course of centuries, had grown steadily upon the popular heart.

As to Joanna's supernatural detection of the dauphin (Charles VII.) amongst three hundred lords and knights, I am surprised at the credulity which could ever lend itself to that theatrical juggle. Who admires more than myself the sublime enthusiasm, the rapturous faith in herself, of this pure creature? But I am far from admiring stage artifices, which not *La Pucelle*, but the court, must have arranged; nor can I surrender myself to the conjurer's *legerdemain*, such as may be seen every day for a shilling. Southey's "Joan of Arc" was published in 1796. Twenty years after, talking with Southey, I was surprised to find him still owning a secret bias in favor of Joan, founded on her detection of the dauphin. The story, for the benefit of the reader new to the case, was this: *La Pucelle* was first made known to the dauphin, and presented to his court, at Chinon: and here came her first trial. By way of testing her supernatural pretensions, she was to find out the royal personage amongst the whole ark of clean and unclean creatures. Failing in this *coup d'essai*, she would not simply disappoint many a beating heart in the glittering crowd that on different motives yearned for her success, but she would ruin herself — and, as the oracle within had told her, would, by ruining herself, ruin France. Our own sovereign lady Victoria rehearses annually a trial not so severe in degree, but the same in kind. She "pricks" for sheriffs. Joanna pricked for a king. But observe the difference: our own lady pricks for two

men out of three; Joanna for one man out of three hundred. Happy Lady of the islands and the orient! — she *can* go astray in her choice only by one half; to the extent of one half she *must* have the satisfaction of being right. And yet, even with these tight limits to the misery of a boundless discretion, permit me, liege Lady, with all loyalty, to submit — that now and then you prick with your pin the wrong man. But the poor child from Domrémy, shrinking under the gaze of a dazzling court — not *because* dazzling (for in visions she had seen those that were more so), but because some of them wore a scoffing smile on their features — how should *she* throw her line into so deep a river to angle for a king, where many a gay creature was sporting that masqueraded as kings in dress? Nay, even more than any true king would have done: for, in Southey's version of the story, the dauphin says, by way of trying the virgin's magnetic sympathy with royalty, —

> "On the throne,
> I the while mingling with the menial throng,
> Some courtier shall be seated."

This usurper is even crowned: "the jewelled crown shines on a menial's head." But, really, that is "*un peu fort;*" and the mob of spectators might raise a scruple whether our friend the jackdaw upon the throne, and the dauphin himself, were not grazing the shins of treason. For the dauphin could not lend more than belonged to him. According to the popular notion, he had no crown for himself; consequently none to lend,

on any pretense whatever, until the consecrated Maid should take him to Rheims. This was the *popular* notion in France. But, certainly, it was the dauphin's interest to support the popular notion, as he meant to use the services of Joanna. For, if he were king already, what was it that she could do for him beyond Orleans? That is to say, what more than a mere *military* service could she render him? And, above all, if he were king without a coronation, and without the oil from the sacred ampulla, what advantage was yet open to him by celerity above his competitor the English boy? Now was to be a race for a coronation: he that should win *that* race, carried the superstition of France along with him: he that should first be drawn from the ovens of Rheims, was under that superstition baked into a king.

La Pucelle, before she could be allowed to practise as a warrior, was put through her manual and platoon exercise, as a pupil in divinity, at the bar of six eminent men in wigs. According to Southey (v. 393, Book III., in the original edition of his "Joan of Arc"), she "appalled the doctors." It's not easy to do *that:* but they had some reason to feel bothered, as that surgeon would assuredly feel bothered, who, upon proceeding to dissect a subject, should find the subject retaliating as a dissector upon himself, especially if Joanna ever made the speech to them which occupies v. 354–391, B. III. It is a double impossibility: 1st, because a piracy from Tindal's "Christianity as Old as the Creation" — a piracy *à parte ante*, and by three centuries; 2ly, it is quite contrary to the evidence on Joanna's trial. Southey's

"Joan," of A.D. 1796 (Cottle, Bristol), tells the doctors, among other secrets, that she never in her life attended —1st, Mass; nor 2d, the Sacramental table; nor 3d, Confession. In the mean time, all this deistical confession of Joanna's, besides being suicidal for the interest of her cause, is opposed to the depositions upon *both* trials. The very best witness called from first to last deposes that Joanna attended these rites of her Church even too often; was taxed with doing so; and, by blushing, owned the charge as a fact, though certainly not as a fault. Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains; but did not the less seek him in chapels and consecrated oratories.

This peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditativeness. If the reader turns to that divine passage in "Paradise Regained," which Milton has put into the mouth of our Saviour when first entering the wilderness, and musing upon the tendency of those great impulses growing within himself, —

> "Oh, what a multitude of thoughts at once
> Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
> What from within I feel myself, and hear
> What from without comes often to my ears,
> Ill sorting with my present state compared!
> When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
> What might be public good; myself I thought
> Born to that end" —

he will have some notion of the vast reveries which brooded over the heart of Joanna in early girlhood,

when the wings were budding that should carry her from Orleans to Rheims; when the golden chariot was dimly revealing itself, that should carry her from the kingdom of *France Delivered* to the eternal kingdom.

It is not requisite, for the honor of Joanna, nor is there, in this place, room to pursue her brief career of *action*. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story: the spiritual part is the saintly passion of her imprisonment, trial, and execution. It is unfortunate, therefore, for Southey's "Joan of Arc" (which, however, should always be regarded as a *juvenile* effort), that, precisely when her real glory begins, the poem ends. But this limitation of the interest grew, no doubt, from the constraint inseparably attached to the law of epic unity. Joanna's history bisects into two opposite hemispheres, and both could not have been presented to the eye in one poem, unless by sacrificing all unity of theme, or else by involving the earlier half, as a narrative episode, in the latter; which, however, might have been done, for it might have been communicated to a fellow-prisoner, or a confessor, by Joanna herself. It is sufficient, as concerns *this* section of Joanna's life, to say that she fulfilled, to the height of her promises, the restoration of the prostrate throne. France had become a province of England; and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop; and that critical opening *La Pucelle* used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves portentous) for introducing the wedge of French

native resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the dauphin once more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset, on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July, she took Troyes by a coup-de-main from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month, she carried the dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. All that was to be *done* she had now accomplished: what remained was — to *suffer*.

All this forward movement was her own: excepting one man, the whole council was against her. Her enemies were all that drew power from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the headlong contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labor. Henceforwards she was thwarted; and the worst error she committed was, to lend the sanction of her presence to counsels which she had ceased to approve. But she had now accomplished the capital

objects which her own visions had dictated. These involved all the rest. Errors were now less important; and doubtless it had now become more difficult for herself to pronounce authentically what *were* errors. The noble girl had achieved, as by a rapture of motion, the capital end of clearing out a free space around her sovereign, giving him the power to move his arms with effect; and, secondly, the inappreciable end of winning for that sovereign what seemed to all France the heavenly ratification of his rights, by crowning him with the ancient solemnities. She had made it impossible for the English now to step before her. They were caught in an irretrievable blunder, owing partly to discord amongst the uncles of Henry VI., partly to a want of funds, but partly to the very impossibility which they believed to press with tenfold force upon any French attempt to forestall theirs. They laughed at such a thought; and whilst they laughed, she *did* it. Henceforth the single redress for the English of this capital oversight, but which never *could* have redressed it effectually, was, to vitiate and taint the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch. That policy, and not malice (as M. Michelet is so happy to believe), was the moving principle in the subsequent prosecution of Joanna. Unless they unhinged the force of the first coronation in the popular mind, by associating it with power given from hell, they felt that the sceptre of the invader was broken.

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose, as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind

when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy! Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings, by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded — she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen — she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. *Nolebat*, says the evidence, *uti ense suo, aut quemquam interficere.* She sheltered the English, that invoked her aid, in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And, as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus: — On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her *triumphal* task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place, which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half-fantastic, a broken prayer, that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has

laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest, and to shrink from torment. Yet, again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind, that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compeigne (whether through treacherous collusion on the part of her own friends is doubtful to this day), she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais. He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favor of the English leaders, to reach the highest preferment. *Bishop that art, Archbishop that shalt be, Cardinal that mayest be,* were the words that sounded continually in his ear; and doubtless, a whisper of visions still higher, of a triple crown, and feet upon the necks of kings, sometimes stole into his heart. M. Michelet is anxious to keep us

in mind that this bishop was but an agent of the English. True. But it does not better the case for his countryman — that, being an accomplice in the crime, making himself a leader in the persecution against the helpless girl, he was willing to be all this in the spirit, and with the conscious vileness of a cat's-paw. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as God's lightning, to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! Is it not scandalous, is it not humiliating to civilization, that, even at this day, France exhibits the horrid spectacle of judges examining the prisoner against himself; seducing himself, by fraud, into treacherous conclusions against his own head; using the terrors of their power for extorting confessions from the frailty of hope; nay (which is worse), using the blandishments of condescension and snaky kindness for thawing into compliances of gratitude those whom they had failed to freeze into terror? Wicked judges! Barbarian jurisprudence! that, sitting in your own conceit on the summits of social wisdom, have yet failed to learn the first principles of criminal justice; sit ye humbly and with docility at the feet of this girl from Domrémy, that tore your webs of cruelty into shreds and dust.

"Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was a question by which many times she defied their arts. Continually she showed that their interrogations were irrelevant to any business before the court, or that entered into the ridiculous charges against her. General questions were proposed to her on points of casuistical divinity; two-edged questions, which not one of themselves could have answered without, on the one side, landing himself in heresy (as then interpreted), or, on the other, in some presumptuous expression of self-esteem. Next came a wretched Dominican, that pressed her with an objection, which, if applied to the Bible would tax every one of its miracles with unsoundness. The monk had the excuse of never having read the Bible. M. Michelet has no such excuse; and it makes one blush for him, as a philosopher, to find him describing such an argument as "weighty," whereas it is but a varied expression of rude Mahometan metaphysics. Her answer to this, if there were room to place the whole in a clear light, was as shattering as it was rapid. Another thought to entrap her by asking what language the angelic visitors of her solitude had talked; as though heavenly counsels could want polyglot interpreters for every word, or that God needed language at all in whispering thoughts to a human heart. Then came a worse devil, who asked her whether the archangel Michael had appeared naked. Not comprehending the vile insinuation, Joanna, whose poverty suggested to her simplicity that it might be the *costliness* of suitable robes which caused the demur, asked them if they fancied

God, who clothed the flowers of the valleys, unable to find raiment for his servants. The answer of Joanna moves a smile of tenderness, but the disappointment of her judges makes one laugh exultingly: Others succeeded by troops, who upbraided her with leaving her father; as if that greater Father, whom she believed herself to have been serving, did not retain the power of dispensing with his own rules, or had not said, that, for a less cause than martyrdom, man and woman should leave both father and mother.

On Easter Sunday, when the trial had been long proceeding, the poor girl fell so ill as to cause a belief that she had been poisoned. It was not poison. Nobody had any interest in hastening a death so certain. M. Michelet, whose sympathies with all feelings are so quick that one would gladly see them always as justly directed, reads the case most truly. Joanna had a twofold malady. She was visited by a paroxysm of the complaint called *homesickness;* the cruel nature of her imprisonment, and its length, could not but point her solitary thoughts, in darkness and in chains (for chained she was), to Domrémy. And the season, which was the most heavenly period of the spring, added stings to this yearning. This was one of her maladies — *nostalgia,* as medicine calls it; the other was weariness and exhaustion from daily combats with malice. She saw that everybody hated her, and thirsted for her blood; nay, many kind-hearted creatures that would have pitied her profoundly, as regarded all political charges, had their natural feelings warped by the belief that she had dealings with

fiendish powers. She knew she was to die; that was *not* the misery: the misery was that this consummation could not be reached without so much intermediate strife, as if she were contending for some chance (where chance was none) of happiness, or were dreaming for a moment of escaping the inevitable. Why, then, *did* she contend? Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds, which *she* could expose, but others, even of candid listeners, perhaps could not; it was through that imperishable grandeur of soul, which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her *not* to submit — no, not for a moment — to calumny as to facts, or to misconstruction as to motives. Besides, there were secretaries all around the court taking down her words. That was meant for no good to *her*. But the end does not always correspond to the meaning. And Joanna might say to herself: These words that will be used against me to-morrow and the next day, perhaps in some nobler generation may rise again for my justification. Yes, Joanna, they *are* rising even now in Paris, and for more than justification.

Woman, sister — there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant — not one who

depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?

Yet, sister, woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men — a greater thing than even Milton is known to have done, or Michael Angelo — you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal. If any distant worlds (which *may* be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians in optical resources, as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever treat them? St. Peter's at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor, or perhaps the Himalayas? Oh, no! my friend: suggest something better; these are baubles to *them;* they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing. Do you give it up? The finest thing, then, we have to show them, is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any such morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at *us.* How, then, if it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catch-

ing glimpses at our newspapers, whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published in that distant world, that the sufferer wears upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette, the widowed queen, coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head turned gray by sorrow, daughter of Cæsars kneeling down humbly to kiss the guillotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the noble Charlotte Corday, that in the bloom of youth, that with the loveliest of persons, that with homage waiting upon her smiles wherever she turned her face to scatter them — homage that followed those smiles as surely as the carols of birds, after showers in spring, follow the reappearing sun and the racing of sunbeams over the hills — yet thought all these things cheaper than the dust upon her sandals, in comparison of deliverance from hell for her dear suffering France! Ah! these were spectacles indeed for those sympathizing people in distant worlds; and some perhaps would suffer a sort of martyrdom themselves, because they could not testify their wrath, could not bear witness to the strength of love and to the fury of hatred that burned within them at such scenes; could not gather into golden urns some of that glorious dust which rested in the catacombs of earth.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before

midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The pile "struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height;" and, as usual, the English purpose in this is viewed as one of pure malignity. But there are two ways of explaining all that. It is probable that the purpose was merciful. On the circumstances of the execution I shall not linger. Yet, to mark the almost fatal felicity of M. Michelet in finding out whatever may injure the English name, at a moment when every reader will be interested in Joanna's personal appearance, it is really edifying to notice the ingenuity by which he draws into light from a dark corner a very unjust account of it, and neglects, though lying upon the high-road, a very pleasing one. Both are from English pens. Grafton, a chronicler but little read, being a stiff-necked John Bull, thought fit to say that no wonder Joanna should be a virgin, since her "foule face" was a satisfactory solution of that particular merit. Holinshead, on the other hand, a chronicler somewhat later, every way more important, and at one time universally read, has given a very pleasing testimony to the interesting character of Joanna's person and engaging manners. Neither of these men lived till the following century, so that personally this evidence is none at all. Grafton sullenly and carelessly believed as he wished to believe; Holinshead took pains to inquire, and reports undoubtedly the general impres-

sion of France. But I cite the case as illustrating M. Michelet's candor.

The circumstantial incidents of the execution, unless with more space than I can now command, I should be unwilling to relate. I should fear to injure, by imperfect report, a martyrdom which to myself appears so unspeakably grand. Yet for a purpose, pointing not at Joanna, but M. Michelet, — viz., to convince him that an Englishman is capable of thinking more highly of *La Pucelle* than even her admiring countryman, — I shall, in parting, allude to one or two traits in Joanna's demeanor on the scaffold, and to one or two in that of the bystanders, which authorize me in questioning an opinion of his upon this martyr's firmness. The reader ought to be reminded that Joanna d'Arc was subjected to an unusually unfair trial of opinion. Any of the elder Christian martyrs had not much to fear of *personal* rancor. The martyr was chiefly regarded as the enemy of Cæsar; at times, also, where any knowledge of the Christian faith and morals existed, with the enmity that arises spontaneously in the worldly against the spiritual. But the martyr, though disloyal, was not supposed to be, therefore, anti-national; and still less was *individually* hateful. What was hated (if anything) belonged to his class, not to himself separately. Now, Joanna, if hated at all, was hated personally, and in Rouen on national grounds. Hence there would be a certainty of calumny arising against *her*, such as would not affect martyrs in general. That being the case, it would follow of necessity that some people would im-

pute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that.* Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who, in their own persons, would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no *positive* testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. And yet, strange to say, M. Michelet, who at times seems to admire the Maid of Arc as much as I do, is the one sole writer amongst her *friends* who lends some countenance to this odious slander. His words are that, if she did not utter this word *recant* with her lips, she uttered it in her heart. "Whether she *said* the word is uncertain; but I affirm that she *thought* it."

Now, I affirm that she did not; not in any sense of the word "*thought*" applicable to the case. Here is France calumniating *La Pucelle:* here is England defending her. M. Michelet can only mean that, on *à priori* principles, every woman must be liable to such a weakness: that Joanna was a woman; *ergo,* that she was liable to such a weakness. That is, he only supposes her to have uttered the word by an argument which presumes it impossible for anybody to have done otherwise. I, on the contrary, throw the *onus* of the argument not on presumable tendencies of nature, but on the known facts of that morning's execution, as recorded by multitudes. What else, I demand, than

mere weight of metal, absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won from the enemies, that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept;" and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the frantic English soldier — who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow — suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life, as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl,

whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

. . . . . .

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold, — thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment;* both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl — when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you — let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. The Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart — that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests — were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages),

was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the gilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews: but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you

saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My Lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I

have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE — when heaven and earth are silent.

THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH.

SECTION THE FIRST.

THE GLORY OF MOTION.

SOME twenty or more years before I matriculated at Oxford, Mr. Palmer, at that time M.P. for Bath, had accomplished two things, very hard to do on our little planet the Earth, however cheap they may be held by eccentric people in comets — he had invented mail-coaches, and he had married the daughter of a duke. He was, therefore, just twice as great a man as Galileo, who did certainly invent (or, which is the same thing, discover) the satellites of Jupiter, those very next things extant to mail-coaches in the two capital pretensions of speed and keeping time, but, on the other hand, who did *not* marry the daughter of a duke.

These mail-coaches, as organized by Mr. Palmer, are entitled to a circumstantial notice from myself, having had so large a share in developing the anarchies of my subsequent dreams; an agency which they accomplished, first, through velocity, at that time unprecedented — for they first revealed the glory of motion; secondly,

through grand effects for the eye between lamp-light and the darkness upon solitary roads; thirdly, through animal beauty and power so often displayed in the class of horses selected for this mail service; fourthly, through the conscious presence of a central intellect, that, in the midst of vast distances — of storms, of darkness, of danger — overruled all obstacles into one steady co-operation to a national result. For my own feeling, this post-office service spoke as by some mighty orchestra, where a thousand instruments, all disregarding each other, and so far in danger of discord, yet all obedient as slaves to the supreme *bâton* of some great leader, terminate in a perfection of harmony like that of heart, brain, and lungs, in a healthy animal organization. But, finally, that particular element in this whole combination which most impressed myself, and through which it is that to this hour Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system tyrannizes over my dreams by terror and terrific beauty, lay in the awful *political* mission which at that time it fulfilled. The mail-coach it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. These were the harvests that, in the grandeur of their reaping, redeemed the tears and blood in which they had been sown. Neither was the meanest peasant so much below the grandeur and the sorrow of the times as to confound battles such as these, which were gradually moulding the destinies of Christendom, with the vulgar conflicts of ordinary warfare, so often no more than gladiatorial

trials of national prowess. The victories of England in this stupendous contest rose of themselves as natural *Te Deums* to heaven; and it was felt by the thoughtful that such victories, at such a crisis of general prostration, were not more beneficial to ourselves than finally to France, our enemy, and to the nations of all western or central Europe, through whose pusillanimity it was that the French domination had prospered.

The mail coach, as the national organ for publishing these mighty events, thus diffusively influential, became itself a spiritualized and glorified object to an impassioned heart; and naturally, in the Oxford of that day, *all* hearts were impassioned, as being all (or nearly all) in *early* manhood. In most universities there is one single college; in Oxford there were five-and-twenty, all of which were peopled by young men, the *élite* of their own generation; not boys, but men; none under eighteen. In some of these many colleges the custom permitted the student to keep what are called "short terms;" that is, the four terms of Michaelmas, Lent, Easter, and Act, were kept by a residence, in the aggregate, of ninety-one days, or thirteen weeks. Under this interrupted residence, it was possible that a student might have a reason for going down to his home four times in the year. This made eight journeys to and fro. But, as these homes lay dispersed through all the shires of the island, and most of us disdained all coaches except his majesty's mail, no city out of London could pretend to so extensive a connection with Mr. Palmer's establishment as Oxford. Three mails, at the least, I remember as passing every

day through Oxford, and benefiting by my personal patronage — viz., the Worcester, the Gloucester, and the Holyhead mail. Naturally, therefore, it became a point of some interest with us, whose journeys revolved every six weeks on an average, to look a little into the executive details of the system. With some of these Mr. Palmer had no concern; they rested upon by-laws enacted by posting houses for their own benefit, and upon other by-laws, equally stern, enacted by the inside passengers for the illustration of their own haughty exclusiveness. These last were of a nature to rouse our scorn; from which the transition was not very long to systematic mutiny. Up to this time, say 1804, or 1805 (the year of Trafalgar), it had been the fixed assumption of the four inside people (as an old tradition of all public carriages derived from the reign of Charles II.) that they, the illustrious quaternion, constituted a porcelain variety of the human race, whose dignity would have been compromised by exchanging one word of civility with the three miserable delftware outsides. Even to have kicked an outsider might have been held to attaint the foot concerned in that operation, so that, perhaps, it would have required an Act of Parliament to restore its purity of blood. What words, then, could express the horror, and the sense of treason, in that case which *had* happened, where all three outsides (the trinity of Pariahs) made a vain attempt to sit down at the same breakfast table or dinner table with the consecrated four? I myself witnessed such an attempt; and on that occasion a benevolent old gentleman endeavored to soothe his three holy

associates by suggesting that, if the outsides were indicted for this criminal attempt at the next assizes, the court would regard it as a case of lunacy or *delirium tremens* rather than of treason. England owes much of her grandeur to the depth of the aristocratic element in her social composition, when pulling against her strong democracy. I am not the man to laugh at it. But sometimes, undoubtedly, it expressed itself in comic shapes. The course taken with the infatuated outsiders, in the particular attempt which I have noticed, was that the waiter, beckoning them away from the privileged *salle à manger*, sang out, "This way, my good men," and then enticed these good men away to the kitchen. But that plan had not always answered. Sometimes, though rarely, cases occurred where the intruders, being stronger than usual, or more vicious than usual, resolutely refused to budge, and so far carried their point as to have a separate table arranged for themselves in a corner of the general room. Yet, if an Indian screen could be found ample enough to plant them out from the very eyes of the high table, or dais, it then became possible to assume as a fiction of law that the three delft fellows, after all, were not present. They could be ignored by the porcelain men, under the maxim that objects not appearing and objects not existing are governed by the same logical construction.

Such being at that time the usage of mail coaches, what was to be done by us of young Oxford? We, the most aristocratic of people, who were addicted to the practice of looking down superciliously even upon the insides

themselves as often very questionable characters — were we, by voluntarily going outside, to court indignities? If our dress and bearing sheltered us generally from the suspicion of being "raff" (the name at that period for "snobs"), we really *were* such constructively by the place we assumed. If we did not submit to the deep shadow of eclipse, we entered at least the skirts of its penumbra. And the analogy of theatres was valid against us — where no man can complain of the annoyances incident to the pit or gallery, having his instant remedy in paying the higher price of the boxes. But the soundness of this analogy we disputed. In the case of the theatre, it cannot be pretended that the inferior situations have any separate attractions, unless the pit may be supposed to have an advantage for the purposes of the critic or the dramatic reporter. But the critic or reporter is a rarity. For most people, the sole benefit is in the price. Now, on the contrary, the outside of the mail had its own incommunicable advantages. These we could not forego. The higher price we would willingly have paid, but not the price connected with the condition of riding inside; which condition we pronounced insufferable. The air, the freedom of prospect, the proximity to the horses, the elevation of seat; these were what we required; but, above all, the certain anticipation of purchasing occasional opportunities of driving.

Such was the difficulty which pressed us; and under the coercion of this difficulty we instituted a searching inquiry into the true quality and valuation of the different apartments about the mail. We conducted this in-

quiry on metaphysical principles; and it was ascertained satisfactorily that the roof of the coach, which by some weak men had been called the attics, and by some the garrets, was in reality the drawing room; in which drawing room the box was the chief ottoman or sofa; while it appeared that the *inside*, which had been traditionally regarded as the only room tenantable by gentlemen, was, in fact, the coal cellar in disguise.

Great wits jump. The very same idea had not long before struck the celestial intellect of China. Among the presents carried out by our first embassy to that country was a state coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was an immense mystery to Pekin. The ambassador, indeed (Lord Macartney), had made some imperfect explanations upon this point; but, as His Excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question, "Where was the Emperor to sit?" The hammer cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and, partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne, and, for the scoundrel who drove — he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the first lord of the treasury on his

right hand, and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and *that* was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, "Where am *I* to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition addressed to the emperor through the window — "I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?" — "Anyhow," was the imperial answer; "don't trouble *me*, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the keyholes — *any*how." Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect. The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck; and the state coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo Fo — whom the learned more accurately called Fi Fi.

A revolution of this same Chinese character did young Oxford of that era effect in the constitution of mail-coach society. It was a perfect French revolution; and we had good reason to say, *ça ira*. In fact, it soon became *too*

popular. The "public" — a well-known character, particularly disagreeable, though slightly respectable, and notorious for affecting the chief seats in synagogues — had at first loudly opposed this revolution; but, when the opposition showed itself to be ineffectual, our disagreeable friend went into it with headlong zeal. At first it was a sort of race between us; and, as the public is usually from thirty to fifty years old, naturally we of young Oxford, that averaged about twenty, had the advantage. Then the public took to bribing, giving fees to horsekeepers, etc., who hired out their persons as warming pans on the box seat. *That*, you know, was shocking to all moral sensibilities. Come to bribery, said we, and there is an end to all morality — Aristotle's, Zeno's, Cicero's, or anybody's. And, besides, of what use was it? For *we* bribed also. And, as our bribes, to those of the public, were as five shillings to sixpence, here again young Oxford had the advantage. But the contest was ruinous to the principles of the stables connected with the mails. This whole corporation was constantly bribed, rebribed, and often sur-rebribed; a mail-coach yard was like the hustings in a contested election; and a horsekeeper, ostler, or helper, was held by the philosophical at that time to be the most corrupt character in the nation.

There was an impression upon the public mind, natural enough from the continually augmenting velocity of the mail, but quite erroneous, that an outside seat on this class of carriages was a post of danger. On the contrary, I maintained that, if a man had become nervous from

some gypsy prediction in his childhood, allocating to a particular moon, now approaching, some unknown danger, and he should inquire earnestly, "Whither can I fly for shelter? Is a prison the safest retreat? or a lunatic hospital? or the British Museum?" I should have replied, "Oh, no; I'll tell you what to do. Take lodgings for the next forty days on the box of his majesty's mail. Nobody can touch you there. If it is by bills at ninety days after date that you are made unhappy — if noters and protesters are the sort of wretches whose astrological shadows darken the house of life — then note you what I vehemently protest, viz., that no matter though the sheriff and under-sheriff in every county should be running after you with his *posse*, touch a hair of your head he cannot while you keep house and have your legal domicile on the box of the mail. It is felony to stop the mail; even the sheriff cannot do that. And an *extra* touch of the whip to the leaders (no great matter if it grazes the sheriff) at any time guarantees your safety." In fact, a bedroom in a quiet house seems a safe enough retreat; yet it is liable to its own notorious nuisances — to robbers by night, to rats, to fire. But the mail laughs at these terrors. To robbers, the answer is packed up and ready for delivery in the barrel of the guard's blunderbuss. Rats, again! there *are* none about mail-coaches, any more than snakes in Von Troil's Iceland; except, indeed, now and then a parliamentary rat, who always hides his shame in what I have shown to be the "coal cellar." And, as to fire, I never knew but one in a mail-coach; which was in the Exeter mail, and caused by an

obstinate sailor bound to Devonport. Jack, making light of the law and the lawgiver that had set their faces against his offence, insisted on taking up a forbidden seat in the rear of the roof, from which he could exchange his own yarns with those of the guard. No greater offence was then known to mail coaches; it was treason, it was *læsa majestas*, it was by tendency arson; and the ashes of Jack's pipe, falling among the straw of the hinder boot, containing the mail-bags, raised a flame which (aided by the wind of our motion) threatened a revolution in the republic of letters. Yet even this left the sanctity of the box unviolated. In dignified repose, the coachman and myself sat on, resting with benign composure upon our knowledge that the fire would have to burn its way through four inside passengers before it could reach ourselves. I remarked to the coachman, with a quotation from Virgil's Æneid really too hackneyed:

> Jam proximus ardet
> Ucalegon.

But, recollecting that the Virgilian part of the coachman's education might have been neglected, I interpreted so far as to say that perhaps at that moment the flames were catching hold of our worthy brother and inside passenger, Ucalegon. The coachman made no answer — which is my own way when a stranger addresses me either in Syriac or in Coptic; but by his faint skeptical smile he seemed to insinuate that he knew better — for that Ucalegon, as it happened, was not in the way-bill, and therefore could not have been booked.

No dignity is perfect which does not at some point ally itself with the mysterious. The connection of the mail with the state and the executive government — a connection obvious, but yet not strictly defined — gave to the whole mail establishment an official grandeur which did us service on the roads, and invested us with seasonable terrors. Not the less impressive were those terrors because their legal limits were imperfectly ascertained. Look at those turnpike gates; with what deferential hurry, with what an obedient start, they fly open at our approach! Look at that long line of carts and carters ahead, audaciously usurping the very crest of the road. Ah, traitors! they do not hear us as yet; but, as soon as the dreadful blast of our horn reaches them with proclamation of our approach, see with what frenzy of trepidation they fly to their horses' heads, and deprecate our wrath by the precipitation of their crane-neck quarterings. Treason they feel to be their crime; each individual carter feels himself under the ban of confiscation and attainder; his blood is attainted through six generations; and nothing is wanting but the headsman and his axe, the block and the sawdust, to close up the vista of his horrors. What! shall it be within benefit of clergy to delay the king's message on the highroad — to interrupt the great respirations, ebb and flood, systole and diastole, of the national intercourse? — to endanger the safety of tidings running day and night between all nations and languages? Or can it be fancied, among the weakest of men, that the bodies of the criminals will be given up to their widows for Christian burial?

Now, the doubts which were raised as to our powers did more to wrap them in terror, by wrapping them in uncertainty, than could have been effected by the sharpest definitions of the law from the quarter sessions. We, on our parts (we, the collective mail, I mean), did our utmost to exalt the idea of our privileges by the insolence with which we wielded them. Whether this insolence rested upon law that gave it a sanction, or upon conscious power that haughtily dispensed with that sanction, equally it spoke from a potential station; and the agent, in each particular insolence of the moment, was viewed reverentially, as one having authority.

Sometimes after breakfast his majesty's mail would become frisky; and, in its difficult wheelings among the intricacies of early markets, it would upset an apple cart, a cart loaded with eggs, etc. Huge was the affliction and dismay, awful was the smash. I, as far as possible, endeavored in such a case to represent the conscience and moral sensibilities of the mail; and, when wildernesses of eggs were lying poached under our horses' hoofs, then would I stretch forth my hands in sorrow, saying (in words too celebrated at that time, from the false echoes of Marengo), "Ah! wherefore have we not time to weep over you?" — which was evidently impossible, since, in fact, we had not time to laugh over them. Tied to post-office allowance, in some cases of fifty minutes for eleven miles, could the royal mail pretend to undertake the offices of sympathy and condolence? Could it be expected to provide tears for the accidents of the road? If even it seemed to trample on humanity, it

did so, I felt, in discharge of its own more peremptory duties.

Upholding the morality of the mail, *a fortiori* I upheld its rights; as a matter of duty, I stretched to the uttermost its privilege of imperial precedency, and astonished weak minds by the feudal powers which I hinted to be lurking constructively in the charter of this proud establishment. Once I remember being on the box of the Holyhead mail, between Shrewsbury and Oswestry, when a tawdry thing from Birmingham, some Tallyho or Highflyer, all flaunting with green and gold, came up alongside of us. What a contrast to our royal simplicity of form and color in this plebeian wretch! The single ornament on our dark ground of chocolate color was the mighty shield of the imperial arms, but emblazoned in proportions as modest as a signet ring bears to a seal of office. Even this was displayed only on a single panel, whispering, rather than proclaiming, our relations to the mighty state; while the beast from Birmingham, our green-and-gold friend from false, fleeting, perjured Brummagem, had as much writing and painting on its sprawling flanks as would have puzzled a decipherer from the tombs of Luxor. For some time this Birmingham machine ran along by our side — a piece of familiarity that already of itself seemed to me sufficiently jacobinical. But all at once a movement of the horses announced a desperate intention of leaving us behind. "Do you see *that?*" I said to the coachman. "I see," was his short answer. He was wide awake — yet he waited longer than seemed prudent; for the horses of our audacious opponent had

a disagreeable air of freshness and power. But his motive was loyal; his wish was that the Birmingham conceit should be full-blown before he froze it. When *that* seemed right, he unloosed, or, to speak by a stronger word, he *sprang*, his known resources: he slipped our royal horses like cheetahs, or hunting leopards, after the affrighted game. How they could retain such a reserve of fiery power after the work they had accomplished seemed hard to explain. But on our side, besides the physical superiority, was a tower of moral strength, namely the king's name, "which they upon the adverse faction wanted." Passing them without an effort, as it seemed, we threw them into the rear with so lengthening an interval between us as proved in itself the bitterest mockery of their presumption; while our guard blew back a shattering blast of triumph that was really too painfully full of derision.

I mention this little incident for its connection with what followed. A Welsh rustic, sitting behind me, asked if I had not felt my heart burn within me during the progress of the race? I said, with philosophic calmness, *No;* because we were not racing with a mail, so that no glory could be gained. In fact, it was sufficiently mortifying that such a Birmingham thing should dare to challenge us. The Welshman replied that he didn't see *that;* for that a cat might look at a king, and a Brummagem coach might lawfully race the Holyhead mail. "*Race* us, if you like," I replied, "though even *that* has an air of sedition; but not *beat* us. This would have been treason; and for its own sake I am glad that the Tallyho was

disappointed." So dissatisfied did the Welshman seem with this opinion that at last I was obliged to tell him a very fine story from one of our elder dramatists: viz., that once, in some far Oriental kingdom when the sultan of all the land, with his princes, ladies, and chief omrahs were flying their falcons, a hawk suddenly flew at a majestic eagle, and, in defiance of the eagle's natural advantages, in contempt also of the eagle's traditional royalty, and before the whole assembled field of astonished spectators from Agra and Lahore, killed the eagle on the spot. Amazement seized the sultan at the unequal contest, and burning admiration for its unparalleled result. He commanded that the hawk should be brought before him; he caressed the bird with enthusiasm; and he ordered that, for the commemoration of his matchless courage, a diadem of gold and rubies should be solemnly placed on the hawk's head, but then that, immediately after this solemn coronation, the bird should be led off to execution, as the most valiant indeed of traitors, but not the less a traitor, as having dared to rise rebelliously against his liege lord and anointed sovereign, the eagle. "Now," said I to the Welshman, "to you and me, as men of refined sensibilities, how painful it would have been that this poor Brummagem brute, the Tallyho, in the impossible case of a victory over us, should have been crowned with Birmingham tinsel, with paste diamonds, and Roman pearls, and then led off to instant execution." The Welshman doubted if that could be warranted by law. And, when I hinted at the 6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18, for regulating the prece-

dency of coaches, as being probably the statute relied on for the capital punishment of such offences, he replied dryly that, if the attempt to pass a mail really were treasonable, it was a pity that the Tallyho appeared to have so imperfect an acquaintance with law.

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was, *Non magna loquimur,* as upon railways, but *vivimus.* Yes, "*magna vivimus;*" we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realize our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest among brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last

vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings — kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up forever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking when heard screaming on the wind, and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way forever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler. Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings — for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves among the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gather-

ings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

How else, for example, than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London mail that in summer months entered about daybreak among the lawny thickets of Marlborough forest, couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath road, have become the glorified inmate of my dreams? Yet Fanny, as the loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld, merited the station which even now, from a distance of forty years, she holds in my dreams; yes, though by links of natural association she brings along with her a troop of dreadful creatures, fabulous and not fabulous, that are more abominable to the heart than Fanny and the dawn are delightful.

Miss Fanny of the Bath road, strictly speaking, lived at a mile's distance from that road, but came so continually to meet the mail that I on my frequent transits rarely missed her, and naturally connected her image with the great thoroughfare where only I had ever seen her. Why she came so punctually I do not exactly know; but I believe with some burden of commissions, to be executed in Bath, which had gathered to her own residence as a central rendezvous for converging them. The mail-coachman who drove the Bath mail and wore the royal livery happened to be Fanny's grandfather. A good man he was, that loved his beautiful granddaughter,

and, loving her wisely, was vigilant over her deportment in any case where young Oxford might happen to be concerned. Did my vanity then suggest that I myself, individually, could fall within the line of his terrors? Certainly not, as regarded any physical pretensions that I could plead; for Fanny (as a chance passenger from her own neighborhood once told me) counted in her train a hundred and ninety-nine professed admirers, if not open aspirants to her favor; and probably not one of the whole brigade but excelled myself in personal advantages. Ulysses even, with the unfair advantage of his accursed bow, could hardly have undertaken that amount of suitors. So the danger might have seemed slight — only that woman is universally aristocratic; it is among her nobilities of heart that she *is* so. Now, the aristocratic distinctions in my favor might easily with Miss Fanny have compensated my physical deficiencies. Did I then make love to Fanny? Why, yes; about as much love as one *could* make while the mail was changing horses — a process which, ten years later, did not occupy above eighty seconds; but *then* — viz., about Waterloo — it occupied five times eighty. Now, four hundred seconds offer a field quite ample enough for whispering into a young woman's ear a great deal of truth, and (by way of parenthesis) some trifle of falsehood. Grandpapa did right, therefore, to watch me. And yet, as happens too often to the grandpapas of earth in a contest with the admirers of granddaughters, how vainly would he have watched me had I meditated any evil whispers to Fanny! She, it is my belief, would have protected herself against any

man's evil suggestions. But he, as the result showed, could not have intercepted the opportunities for such suggestions. Yet, why not? Was he not active? Was he not blooming? Blooming he was as Fanny herself.

> Say, all our praises why should lords ——

Stop, that's not the line.

> Say, all our roses why should girls engross?

The coachman showed rosy blossoms on his face deeper even than his granddaughter's — *his* being drawn from the ale cask, Fanny's from the fountains of the dawn. But, in spite of his blooming face, some infirmities he had; and one particularly in which he too much resembled a crocodile. This lay in a monstrous inaptitude for turning round. The crocodile, I presume, owes that inaptitude to the absurd *length* of his back; but in our grandpapa it arose rather from the absurd *breadth* of his back, combined, possibly, with some growing stiffness in his legs. Now, upon this crocodile infirmity of his I planted a human advantage for tendering my homage to Miss Fanny. In defiance of all his honorable vigilance, no sooner had he presented to us his mighty Jovian back (what a field for displaying to mankind his royal scarlet!), while inspecting professionally the buckles, the straps, and the silvery turrets of his harness, than I raised Miss Fanny's hand to my lips, and, by the mixed tenderness and respectfulness of my manner, caused her easily to understand how happy it would make me to rank upon her list as No. 10 or 12: in which case a few casualties among her lovers (and, observe, they *hanged*

liberally in those days) might have promoted me speedily to the top of the tree; as, on the other hand, with how much loyalty of submission I acquiesced by anticipation in her award, supposing that she should plant me in the very rearward of her favor, as No. 199 + 1. Most truly I loved this beautiful and ingenuous girl; and, had it not been for the Bath mail, timing all courtships by post-office allowance, Heaven only knows what might have come of it. People talk of being over head and ears in love; now, the mail was the cause that I sank only over ears in love — which, you know, still left a trifle of brain to overlook the whole conduct of the affair.

Ah, reader! when I look back upon those days, it seems to me that all things change — all things perish. "Perish the roses and the palms of kings;" perish even the crowns and trophies of Waterloo; thunder and lightning are not the thunder and lightning which I remember. Roses are degenerating. The Fannies of our island — though this I say with reluctance — are not visibly improving; and the Bath road is notoriously superannuated. Crocodiles, you will say, are stationary. Mr. Waterton tells me that the crocodile does *not* change — that a cayman, in fact, or an alligator, is just as good for riding upon as he was in the time of the Pharaohs. *That* may be; but the reason is that the crocodile does not live fast — he is a slow coach. I believe it is generally understood among naturalists that the crocodile is a blockhead. It is my own impression that the Pharaohs were also blockheads. Now, as the Pharaohs and the crocodile domineered over Egyptian society, this accounts for a

singular mistake that prevailed through innumerable generations on the Nile. The crocodile made the ridiculous blunder of supposing man to be meant chiefly for his own eating. Man, taking a different view of the subject, naturally met that mistake by another; he viewed the crocodile as a thing sometimes to worship, but always to run away from. And this continued till Mr. Waterton changed the relations between the animals. The mode of escaping from the reptile he showed to be not by running away, but by leaping on its back booted and spurred. The two animals had misunderstood each other. The use of the crocodile has now been cleared up — viz., to be ridden; and the final cause of man is that he may improve the health of the crocodile by riding him a-fox-hunting before breakfast. And it is pretty certain that any crocodile who has been regularly hunted through the season, and is master of the weight he carries, will take a six-barred gate now as well as ever he would have done in the infancy of the Pyramids.

If, therefore, the crocodile does *not* change, all things else undeniably *do:* even the shadow of the Pyramids grows less. And often the restoration in vision of Fanny and the Bath road makes me too pathetically sensible of that truth. Out of the darkness, if I happen to call back the image of Fanny, up rises suddenly from a gulf of forty years a rose in June; or if I think for an instant of the rose in June, up rises the heavenly face of Fanny. One after the other, like the antiphonies in the choral service, rise Fanny and the rose in June, then back again the rose in June and Fanny. Then come both together,

as in a chorus — roses and Fannies, Fannies and roses, without end, thick as blossoms in Paradise. Then comes a venerable crocodile, in a royal livery of scarlet and gold, with sixteen capes; and the crocodile is driving four-in-hand from the box of the Bath mail. And suddenly we upon the mail are pulled up by a mighty dial, sculptured with the hours, that mingle with the heavens and the heavenly host. Then all at once we are arrived at Marlborough forest, among the lovely households of the roe deer; the deer and their fawns retire into the dewy thickets; the thickets are rich with roses; once again the roses call up the sweet countenance of Fanny; and she, being the granddaughter of a crocodile, awakens a dreadful host of semi-legendary animals — griffins, dragons, basilisks, sphinxes — till at length the whole vision of fighting images crowds into one towering armorial shield, a vast emblazonry of human charities and human loveliness that have perished, but quartered heraldically with unutterable and demoniac natures, while over all rises, as a surmounting crest, one fair female hand, with the forefinger pointing, in sweet, sorrowful admonition, upward to heaven, where is sculptured the eternal writing which proclaims the frailty of earth and her children.

GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY.

But the grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail-coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo: the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile; but the other nine (from 1805 to 1815 inclusively) furnished a long succession of victories; the least of which, in such a contest of Titans, had an inappreciable value of position — partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more from its keeping alive through central Europe the sense of a deep-seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in one quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity of having bearded the *élite* of their troops, and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did an unauthorized rumor steal away a prelibation from the

first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

From eight P.M. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post-office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity — but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses — were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage, on every morning in the year, was taken down to an official inspector for examination — wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigor as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and, behold! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition! — horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially His Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal liveries of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they

wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years — Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen — expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards?

What stir! — what sea-like ferment! — what a thundering of wheels! — what a trampling of hoofs! — what a sounding of trumpets! — what farewell cheers! — what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail — "Liverpool forever!" — with the name of the particular victory — "Badajoz forever!" or "Salamanca forever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long, and all the next day — perhaps for even a longer period — many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles — northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundred-fold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the City, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every story of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows — young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols — and rolling volleys of sympathizing cheers run

along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness — real or assumed — thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold, exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels: sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aërial jubilation. On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies — one likely to be "mamma," and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes in these ingenuous girls. By the sudden start and raising of the hands, on first discovering our laurelled equipage! — by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them — and by the heightened color on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying, "See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory." In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers — I on the box,

and the two on the roof behind me — raised our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture; all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them?* Oh, no; they will not say *that.* They cannot deny — they do not deny — that for this night they are our sisters; gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come, we on the outside have the honor to be their brothers. Those poor women, again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labor — do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birth-right to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy — such is the sad law of earth — may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet, we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here, also, the glasses are all down — here, also, is an elderly lady seated; but the two daughters are missing; for the single young person sitting by the lady's side seems to

be an attendant — so I judge from her dress, and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning, and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once; but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark, when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins intervening, had given to the guard a *Courier* evening paper, containing the gazette, for the next carriage that might pass.

Accordingly he tossed it in, so folded that the huge capitals, expressing some such legend as GLORIOUS VICTORY, might catch the eyes at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph, explained everything; and, if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connection with this Spanish war.

Here, now, was the case of one who, having formerly suffered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night, and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman, who too probably would find herself in a day or two to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed her-

self to express an exultation so unmeasured in the news and its details, as gave to her the appearance which amongst Celtic Highlanders is called *fey*. This was at some little town where we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people up out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness; these optical splendors, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy. As we stayed for three or four minutes, I alighted; and immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where no doubt she had been presiding through the earlier part of the night, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion, was the imperfect one of Talavera — imperfect for its results, such was the virtual treachery of the Spanish general, Cuesta, but not imperfect in its ever-memorable heroism. I

told her the main outline of the battle. The agitation of her enthusiasm had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first applying for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relative in the Peninsular army. Oh, yes; her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23d Dragoons. My heart sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals. They leaped their horses — *over* a trench where they could, *into* it, and with the result of death and mutilation, when they could *not*. What proportion cleared the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did*, closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervor (I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence), that two results followed. As regarded the enemy, this 23d Dragoons, not, I believe, originally three hundred and fifty strong, paralyzed a French column six thousand strong, then ascended the hill, and fixed the gaze of the whole French army. As regarded themselves, the 23d were supposed at first to have been barely not annihilated; but eventually, I believe, about one in four survived. And this, then, was the regiment — a regiment already for some hours glorified and hallowed to the ear of all London, as lying stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama — in which the young trooper served whose

mother was now talking in a spirit of such joyous enthusiasm. Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. To-morrow, said I to myself — to-morrow, or the next day, will publish the worst. For one night more, wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After to-morrow, the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, then, let her owe to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But if I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid, not, therefore, was I silent on the contributions from her son's regiment to that day's service and glory. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gayly as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death (saying to myself, but not saying to *her*), and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly — poured out their noble blood as cheerfully — as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or had sunk to sleep in her arms. Strange it is, yet true, that she seemed to have no fears for her son's safety, even after this knowledge that the 23d Dragoons had been memorably engaged; but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore that *he*, had rendered conspicuous service in the dread-

ful conflict — a service which had actually made them, within the last twelve hours, the foremost topic of conversation in London — so absolutely was fear swallowed up in joy — that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*.

SECTION THE SECOND.

THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

WHAT is to be taken as the predominant opinion of man, reflective and philosophic, upon *sudden death?* It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society, sudden death has been variously regarded as the consummation of an earthly career most fervently to be desired, or again, as that consummation which is with most horror to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner party (*cœna*), on the very evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his earthly career were numbered, being asked what death in *his* judgment might be pronounced the most eligible, replied, "That which should be most sudden." On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character, for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such a death in the very van of horrors: "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from *sudden death* — *Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is ranked among the last of curses; and yet by the noblest of Romans it was ranked as the first of blessings.

In that difference most readers will see little more than the essential difference between Christianity and Paganism. But this, on consideration, I doubt. The Christian Church may be right in its estimate of sudden death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a quiet dismissal from life, as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humilities of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany, unless under a special construction of the word "sudden." It seems a petition indulged rather and conceded to human infirmity than exacted from human piety. It is not so much a doctrine built upon the eternities of the Christian system as a plausible opinion built upon special varieties of physical temperament. Let that, however, be as it may, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon a doctrine which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death from the disposition to lay a false stress upon words or acts simply because by an accident they have become *final* words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is unphilosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason for allowing

special emphasis to this act simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it were no accident, but one of his *habitual* transgressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a transgression because some sudden calamity, surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one. Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a new feature in his act of intemperance — a feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that, having known himself drawing near to the presence of God, should have suited his demeanor to an expectation so awful. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in the man's act is not any element of special immorality, but simply of special misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. Very possibly Cæsar and the Christian Church do not differ in the way supposed — that is, do not differ by any difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death; but perhaps they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death, a Βιαθανατος — death that is βιαιος, or in other words, death that is brought about, not by internal and spontaneous change, but by active force having its origin from without. In this meaning the two authorities agree. Thus far they are in harmony. But the difference is that the Roman by the word "sudden" means *unlingering*, whereas the Christian Litany by "sudden death" means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons

to religious preparation. The poor mutineer who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades dies by a most sudden death, in Cæsar's sense; one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly *not* one) groan, and all is over. But, in the sense of the Litany, the mutineer's death is far from sudden; his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished him with separate warnings of his fate — having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Here at once, in this sharp verbal distinction, we comprehend the faithful earnestness with which a holy Christian Church pleads on behalf of her poor departing children that God would vouchsafe to them the last great privilege and distinction possible on a deathbed, viz., the opportunity of untroubled preparation for facing this mighty trial. Sudden death, as a mere variety in the modes of dying where death in some shape is inevitable, proposes a question of choice which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety of temperament. Meantime, one aspect of sudden death there is, one modification, upon which no doubt can arise, that of all martyrdoms it is the most agitating — viz., where it surprises a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurrying, flying, inappreciably minute chance of evading it. Sudden as the danger which it affronts must be any effort by which such an evasion can be accomplished. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurry

seems destined to be vain — even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case, viz., where the appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of some other life besides your own, accidentally thrown upon *your* protection. To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another — a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death; this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. You are called upon, by the case supposed, possibly to die, but to die at the very moment when, by any even partial failure or effeminate collapse of your energies, you will be self-denounced as a murderer. You had but the twinkling of an eye for your effort, and that effort might have been unavailing; but to have risen to the level of such an effort would have rescued you, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to your final and farewell duty.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected, perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, through languishing prostration in hope and

the energies of hope, that constant sequel of lying down before the lion, publishes the secret frailty of human nature — reveals its deep-seated falsehood to itself — records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is presented for tempting him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; once again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls by his own choice; again, by infinite iteration, the ancient earth groans to heaven, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child. "Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives signs of woe that all is lost;" and again the counter-sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens for the endless rebellion against God. It is not without probability that in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original transgression. In dreams, perhaps under some secret conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the treason of the aboriginal fall.

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The incident, so memorable in itself by its features of horror, and so scenical by its grouping for the eye, which furnished the text for this revery upon *Sudden Death*, occurred to myself in the dead of night, as a soli-

tary spectator, when seated on the box of the Manchester and Glasgow mail in the second or third summer after Waterloo. I find it necessary to relate the circumstances, because they are such as could not have occurred unless under a singular combination of accidents. In those days the oblique and lateral communications with many rural post-offices were so arranged, either through necessity, or through defect of system, as to make it requisite for the main north-western mail (*i.e.*, the *down* mail), on reaching Manchester, to halt for a number of hours; how many, I do not remember — six or seven, I think; but the result was, that, in the ordinary course, the mail recommenced its journey northwards about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of fresh air; meaning to fall in with the mail, and resume my seat at the post-office. The night, however, being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way; and did not reach the post-office until it was considerably past midnight; but, to my great relief (as it was important for me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was; but, by some rare accident, the mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at the Bridgewater Arms. I had left it there in imitation of a nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore of his discovery, by way of warn-

ing off the ground the whole human race, and notifying to the Christian and the heathen worlds, with his best compliments, that he has hoisted his pocket handkerchief once and forever upon that virgin soil; thenceforward claiming the *jus dominii* to the top of the atmosphere above it; and also the right of driving shafts to the centre of the earth below it; so that all people found after this warning, either aloft in upper chambers of the atmosphere, or groping in subterraneous shafts, or squatting audaciously on the surface of the soil, will be treated as trespassers — kicked, that is to say, or decapitated, as circumstances may suggest, by their very faithful servant, the owner of the said pocket handkerchief. In the present case, it is probable that my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium* might have been cruelly violated in my person — for, in the dark, people commit deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality. But it so happened that, on this night, there was no other outside passenger; and thus the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal.

Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles — viz., from a point seventy miles beyond London. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor on the box, the coachman. And in *that* also there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew my own attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. In fact, he had been foretold by Virgil as —

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

He answered to the conditions in every one of the items:—(1) a monster he was; (2) dreadful; (3) shapeless; (4) huge; (5) who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calendars in the "Arabian Nights," and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity, what right had *I* to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult; I delighted in no man's punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) identified in an instant an old friend of mine, whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe that could (if *any* could) have driven six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat*—that dreadful bridge of Mahomet, with no side battlements, and of *extra* room not enough for a razor's edge—leading right across the bottomless gulf. Under this eminent mân, whom in Greek I cognominated Cyclops *diphrêlates* (Cyclops the charioteer), I, and others known to me, studied the diphrelatic art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, it is to be lamented that I did not stand high in his esteem. It showed his dogged honesty (though, observe, not his discernment), that he could not see my merits. Let us excuse his absurdity in this particular, by remembering his want of an eye. Doubtless *that* made him blind to my merits. In the art of conversation, however, he admitted that I had the whip-hand of him. On this present occasion, great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical

men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit-at-law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station, for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his law-suit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from *me?* Some people have called *me* procrastinating. Yet you are witness, reader, that I was here kept waiting for the post-office. Will the post-office lay its hand on its heart, in its moments of sobriety, and assert that ever it waited for me? What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service, which as yet does not benefit at all by steam. For an *extra* hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard. Manchester, good-by; we've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office: which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really *is* such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage, since it compels us to look sharply for this lost hour amongst the next eight or nine, and to recover it, if we can, at the rate of one mile extra per hour. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles an hour;

and for the moment I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops.

From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster, which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *proud* Preston), at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent. Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal: he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avail him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snorest." Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity — which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon — betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself, which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster, in consequence of which, for three nights and three days, he had not lain down in a bed. During the day, he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested; or

else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses, under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage, he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love amongst the roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation, and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of His Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought, was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster. To break up this old traditional usage required (1) a conflict with powerful established interests; (2) a large system of new arrangements; and

(3) a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year so vast a body of business rolled northwards, from the southern quarter of the country, that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was, that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the roads sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound revery. The month was August, in the middle of which lay my own birthday — a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county, upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labor in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or

ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labor) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of men's hearts are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight, and the first timid tremblings of the dawn, were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, there was no sound abroad. In the clouds, and on the earth, prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our

false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is, that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies, when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune, I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence, I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I

had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror — the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road — viz., the luxury of the soft beaten sand, as contrasted with the paved centre — would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us, would rely upon *us* for quartering. All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which

stole upon the air, as again, the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was — a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off — secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, therefore, healed. What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him, for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us* — and, woe is me; that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self — rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should

this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned, of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road, which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished, and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady — though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you — is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their

heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculations, there is but a minute and a half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the "Iliad" to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig-horse. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done: more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side — or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will, at least, make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish

for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations — must, without time for a prayer — must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation — is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him!*

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat

immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of the second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in

safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed — that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a mo-

ment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage — partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it — as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady —

But the lady — ! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night — from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight — from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love — suddenly as from the woods and fields

— suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation — suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

SECTION THE THIRD.

DREAM-FUGUE.

FOUNDED ON THE PRECEDING THEME OF SUDDEN DEATH.

"Whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue."
Par. Lost, B. XI.

Tumultuosissimamente.

PASSION of sudden death! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs — rapture of panic taking the shape (which amongst tombs in churches I have seen) of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds — of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands — waiting, watching, trembling, praying for the trumpet's call to rise from dust forever! Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses! — vision that didst start back, that didst reel away, like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror, wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous

mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too passionate, heard once, and heard no more, what aileth thee, that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years have lost no element of horror?

I.

Lo, it is summer — almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide; and on the ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating — she upon a fairy pinnace, and I upon an English three-decker. Both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within the domain of our common country, within that ancient watery park, within that pathless chase of ocean, where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, from the rising to the setting sun. Ah, what a wilderness of floral beauty was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic islands through which the pinnace moved! And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers — young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing together, and slowly drifting towards *us* amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forest and gorgeous corymbi from vintages, amidst natural carolling, and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly the pinnace nears us, gayly she hails us, and silently she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then, as at some signal from heaven, the music, and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girl-

ish laughter — all are hushed. What evil has smitten the pinnace, meeting or overtaking her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and, behold! the pinnace was dismantled; the revel and the revellers were found no more; the glory of the vintage was dust; and the forests with their beauty were left without a witness upon the seas. "But where," and I turned to our crew — "where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whither have fled the noble young men that danced with *them?* Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the mast-head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out, "Sail on the weather beam! Down she comes upon us; in seventy seconds she also will founder."

II.

I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a cross-bow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. "Are they mad?" some voice exclaimed from our deck. "Do they woo their ruin?" But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnace.

The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surge of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea; whilst still by sight I followed her, as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, standing amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood, with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the tackling — rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling, praying — there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden forever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I know not, nor how.

III.

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas!

from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness — saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching, at some false, deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds — saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm — these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn.

I sat, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother. But suddenly the tears and funeral bells were hushed by a shout as of many nations, and by a roar as from some great king's artillery, advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by echoes from the mountains. "Hush!" I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen — "hush! —

this either is the very anarchy of strife, or else" — and then I listened more profoundly, and whispered as I raised my head — "or else, oh, heavens! it is *victory* that is final, victory that swallows up all strife."

IV.

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, amongst companions crowned with laurel. The darkness of gathering midnight brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about ourselves as a centre: we heard them, but saw them not. Tidings had arrived within an hour, of a grandeur that measured itself against centuries; too full of pathos they were, too full of joy, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless anthems, and *Te Deums* reverberated from the choirs and orchestras of earth. These tidings we that sat upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible through the darkness, by snortings and tramplings, our angry horses, that knew no fear of fleshly weariness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore *was* it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word, that should bear witness to the hope of nations, as now accomplished forever. At midnight the secret word arrived; which word was — Waterloo and recovered Christendom! The dreadful word shone by its own light; before us it went; high above our leaders' heads it rode, and spread a golden light over the paths which we traversed. Every

city at the presence of the secret word threw open its gates. The rivers were conscious as we crossed. All the forests, as we ran along their margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness comprehended it.

Two hours after midnight we approached a mighty Minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But when the dreadful word, that rode before us, reached them with its golden light, silently they moved back upon their hinges; and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace; and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our course, the lamps, dying or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us, when before us we saw the aërial galleries of organ and choir. Every pinnacle of the fretwork, every station of advantage amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers, that sang deliverance: that wept no more tears, as once their fathers had wept; but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying, —

"Chant the deliverer's praise in every tongue,"

and receiving answers from afar, —

"Such as once in heaven and earth were sung."

And of their chanting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor slackening.

Thus, as we ran like torrents—thus, as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo of the cathedral graves — suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis rising upon the far-off horizon — a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon, so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the space. In the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs — bas-reliefs of battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages — battles from yesterday — battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers — battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did *we* run; where the towers curved, there did *we* curve. With the flight of swallows our horses swept round every angle. Like rivers in flood, wheeling round headlands — like hurricanes that ride into the secrets of forests — faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions, kindled warrior instincts, amongst the dust that lay around us — dust oftentimes of our noble fathers that had slept in God from

Crécy to Trafalgar. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld afar off a female child, that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists, that went before her, hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played — but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered hér trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the mighty shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. "Oh, baby!" I exclaimed, "shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee!" In horror I rose at the thought; but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that was sculptured on a bas-relief — a dying trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to his feet; and, unslinging his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips — sounding once, and yet once again, proclamation that, in *thy* ears, O baby! spoke from the battlements of death. Immediately deep shadows fell between us and aboriginal silence. The choir had ceased to sing. The hoofs of our horses, the dreadful rattle of our harness, the groaning of our wheels, alarmed the graves no more. By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked into life. By horror we, that were so full of life, we men and our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid-air to their everlasting gallop,

were frozen to a bas-relief. Then a third time the trumpet sounded; the seals were taken off all pulses; life, and the frenzy of life, tore into their channels again; again the choir burst forth in sunny grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness; again the thunderings of our horses carried temptation into the graves. One cry burst from our lips, as the clouds, drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us — "Whither has the infant fled? — is the young child caught up to God?" Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three mighty windows to the clouds; and, on a level with their summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of purest alabaster. On its eastern face was trembling a crimson glory. A glory was it from the reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows? Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs painted *on* the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs of earth? There, suddenly, within that crimson radiance, rose the apparition of a woman's head, and then of a woman's figure. The child it was — grown up to woman's height. Clinging to the horns of the altar, voiceless she stood — sinking, rising, raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense, that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, dimly was seen the fiery font, and the shadow of that dreadful being who should have baptized her with the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for *her;* that prayed when *she* could *not;* that fought with Heaven by tears for *her* deliverance; which also, as he raised his immortal counte-

nance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that from Heaven he had won at last.

Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered at intervals — gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense — threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter! — with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing — didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo — farewell love and farewell anguish — rang through the dreadful *sanctus*. Oh, darkness of the grave! that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited and searched by the effulgence in the angel's eye — were these indeed thy children? Pomps of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, did ye indeed mingle with the festivals of Death? Lo! as I looked back for seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, I saw the quick and the dead that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man. All the hosts of jubilation, like armies that ride in pursuit, moved with one step. Us, that, with laurelled heads, were passing from the cathedral, they overtook, and, as with a garment, they wrapped us round with thunders greater than our own. As brothers we moved together; to the dawn that advanced — to the stars that fled; rendering thanks to God in the highest — that, having hid His face through one generation behind thick clouds of War, once again was ascending — from the Campo Santo of Waterloo was ascending — in

the visions of Peace; rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom, having overshadowed with His ineffable passion of death, suddenly did God relent; suffered thy angel to turn aside His arm; and even in thee, sister unknown! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden forever, found an occasion to glorify His goodness. A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the gates of the golden-dawn — with the secret word riding before thee — with the armies of the grave behind thee; seen thee, sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thousand times in the worlds of sleep have seen thee followed by God's angel through storms; through desert seas; through the darkness of quicksands; through dreams, and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams — only that at the last, with one sling of His victorious arm, He might snatch thee back from ruin, and might emblazon in thy deliverance the endless resurrections of His love!

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness, — typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that

mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She, therefore, watches over human education. Now, the word *edŭco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant, — not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children, — resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader! think, — that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*, — the sense of Euclid,

where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted among its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty: the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and at once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I

know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters — by what names shall we call them?

If I say simply, "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow, — separate cases of sorrow, — whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.* I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not, as they talked with Levana; *they* whispered not; *they* sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words

that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama where a voice was heard of lamentation — Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtile, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard that sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she

beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum,* Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet

nor subtile; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister Madonna is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no obligations can now be availing, whether toward pardon that he might implore, or toward reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a step-mother, — as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed

and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace, — all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little, for her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest — Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, raises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from

the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this: —

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this

young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear, gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou," turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said, "wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had — to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

NOTES TO "JOAN OF ARC."

P. 27, l. 3. **The Hebrew Shepherd Boy.** David. See I. Samuel xviii. 50.

P. 28, l. 8. **Vaucouleurs.** A village near Domrémy.

P. 28, l. 22. **En contumace.** A legal term applied to an accused person who fails to appear in court when summoned.

P. 29, l. 23. **The lilies of France.** The royal emblem of France from the time of Clovis to the revolution of 1789.

P. 30, l. 7. **Michelet,** Jules (1798–1874). A voluminous and brilliant French writer, who devoted forty years to the preparation of his chief work, *The History of France*, published in nineteen volumes. By his "book against the priests," etc. (p. 30, l. 23), De Quincey probably means his *Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille* (*Priest, Woman, and Family*), or his *Le Peuple* (*The People*), which contain the substance of his lectures against the Jesuits; probably the former.

P. 31, l. 15. **Chevy Chase.** The original is:—

> "The Persé owt off Northombarlande,
> And a vowe to God mayd he,
> That he wold hunte in the mountayns
> Off Chyviat within days thre,
> In the mauger of doughté Dogles,
> And all that ever with him be."

P. 31, l. 27. **Asbestos.** An incombustible fibrous mineral, the finer varieties of which may be woven into cloth. Charlemagne is said to have had a table-cloth made of asbestos, which he was accustomed to throw into the fire, to the astonishment of his guests.

P. 32, l. 6. **Pucelle d'Orleans.** The Maid of Orleans.

P. 32, l. 26. **Hannibal.** The great Carthaginian general who

ravaged Italy for fifteen years, inflicting on the Romans the loss of 300,000 men, and from whom Rome narrowly escaped total destruction.

P. 32, l. 27. **Mithradates.** Mithradates Eupator, King of Pontus, "the competitor of Rome for the sovereignty of the East," who defeated Roman armies, and massacred 80,000 Italians in one day. "The only real honor that he ever received on earth" probably refers to the royal funeral accorded to him by his conqueror, Pompey.

P. 33, l. 3. **"Delenda est Anglia Victrix!"** *Victorious England must be destroyed.* Cato the Censor contended that the safety of Rome demanded the destruction of Carthage, and concluded every speech in the Roman Senate with the words, "*Delenda est Carthago*," "*Carthage must be destroyed.*"

P. 33, l. 8. **Hyder Ali** (1702–1782). "The Mahometan soldier-adventurer, who, followed by his son Tippoo, became the most formidable Asiatic rival the English have ever had in India." Edmund Burke, in his famous speech "On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts," palliated, if he did not excuse, Hyder Ali's ferocious and bloodthirsty warfare against British rule in India. Burke's speech is well worth reading.

The career and life of Tippoo were ended at Seringapatam in 1799.

P. 33, l. 9. **Napoleon.** De Quincey detested the character of Napoleon. In his essay on Charlemagne he styles the Corsican "the sole barbarian of his time: presenting in his deficiencies the picture of a low mechanic, and in his positive qualities the violence and brutality of a savage."

P. 33, l. 17. **Suffrein,** Saint Tropez. A French admiral who in 1780 captured twelve British merchant vessels, and in 1781 defeated the British admiral Johnstone.

P. 34, l. 7. **Champenoise.** A native of Champagne.

P. 34, l. 10. **Cis,** this side of. **Trans,** beyond.

P. 34, l. 25. **Locus.** A place, or point.

P. 35, l. 5. **That odious man's pigsty.** The cause of De Quincey's "systematic hatred of d'Arc" is given on p. 44.

P. 35, l. 19. **Three great successive battles.** Rudolf of Lorraine and his relative, the Count of Bar, fell at Crécy. Frederick of Lorraine was slain at Agincourt. Bajazet I. defeated the Christian army at Nicopolis, in 1396. (For Crécy and Agincourt see note to p. 36, l. 25.)

P. 35, l. 28. **Fleurs de Lis.** The lilies of France.

P. 36, l. 25. **Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt** were three great battles in the One Hundred Years' War, in each of which the English defeated the French with great slaughter, especially of the French nobility.

Crécy was fought August 26, 1346, Edward III. completely routing a French army three times as numerous as his own.

At Poitiers (or Poictiers) September 19, 1356, King John of France was defeated and captured by Edward the Black Prince, who had also greatly distinguished himself at Crécy ten years before.

Agincourt (or Azincourt) was fought October 25, 1415, when Joan of Arc was probably four years old. In this battle Henry V., with an army of half-starved men, defeated a French army of probably sixty thousand, commanded by Constable d'Albert. "Eleven thousand Frenchmen lay dead on the field, and more than a hundred princes and great lords were among the fallen."

P. 37. l. 6. **The madness of the poor king.** Charles VI. reigned, nominally, from 1368 to 1422. During his first fit of insanity, which was believed to have been induced by the sudden appearance of an unknown man, as here related by De Quincey, he killed four of his attendants. An accident by which he nearly lost his life caused, the next year, a second fit, from which he never entirely recovered. The king's condition afforded an opportunity to some of the great nobles to carry on hostilities with each other. War, assassinations, famine, and plague destroyed thousands of lives during the reign of this wretched monarch.

P. 37, l. 24. **The termination of the Crusades.** The professed purpose of the Crusades was to deliver the Holy Land from the dominion of the Infidel. For nearly two hundred years (from 1096 to 1271) the crusading spirit burned with greater or less enthusiasm. The Crusades failed to secure the permanent occupation of Palestine by the Christians; but they prolonged the existence of the Eastern empire for nearly four centuries, and saved eastern Europe from Mahometan conquest. "The ulterior results of the Crusades were the breaking up of the feudal system, the abolition of serfdom, the supremacy of a common law over the independent jurisdiction of chiefs who claimed the right of private wars." — *Encyc. Brit.*

P. 37, l. 25. **The destruction of the Templars.** The order of Knights Templars was the most renowned of the three great military

orders founded in the twelfth century for the defense of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Their wealth and political power led to their suppression, with great cruelties, 1307–1312.

P. 37, l. 25. **The papal interdicts.** An interdict is a decree of a pope, of a bishop, or of an ecclesiastical council, forbidding administration of the sacraments, celebration of public worship, and use of the burial service.

P. 37, l. 26. **The house of Anjou.** The pathetic struggle of Margaret of Anjou to place her son Edward on the English throne, to which he was justly entitled, is an illustration of the heroic but unsuccessful lives of many members of this house.

P. 37, l. 26. **The Emperor.** Sigismund, Emperor of Germany from 1433 to 1437. His assent to the burning of John Huss, to whom he had given a safe conduct, led to the Hussite War of sixteen years.

P. 37, l. 29. **The colossal figure of feudalism.** "Feudalism depended on the superiority of the mounted noble to the unmounted churl: its fighting power lay in its knighthood. But the English yeomen and small freeholders who bore the bow in the national fyrd [the male population able to bear arms] had raised their weapons into a terrible engine of war: in the English archers, Edward carried a new class of soldiers to the fields of France. The churl had struck down the noble: the yeoman proved more than a match for the knight. From the day of Crécy feudalism tottered slowly but surely to its grave."—*J. R. Green.*

P. 38, l. 4. **Spectacle of a double pope.** "For a period of thirty-eight years Christian Europe was scandalized by the contentions of two rival popes."—*Encyc. Brit.*

P. 38, l. 6. **Which the creature of hell.** To the believer in either of the rival popes, the other pope was necessarily an impostor. In 1402 there were three popes, all of whom were deposed by a general council in 1418.

P. 39, l. 8. **Roman martyrology.** Records of the lives, sufferings, and deaths of the martyrs of the Roman church.

P. 39, l. 9. **Miserere.** "Have mercy." The first word of the Latin version of the fifty-first psalm, usually sung for penitential acts.

P. 39, l. 11. **Te Deum Laudamus.** "We praise thee, O God." The first words of an ancient hymn frequently used on joyful and triumphant occasions.

P. 39, l. 22. **The licensed victualler.** The tavern-keeper.

P. 40, l. 16. **The Vosges.** The disastrous campaign of 1870, which overthrew the second empire, again attracted attention to this region.

P. 40, l. 25. **Carlovingian.** Descended from Charlemagne.

P. 41, l. 17. **Sir Roger de Coverley.** A genial character in *The Spectator*.

P. 42, l. 15. **Bergereta.** A Shepherdess. A Latinized form of the French *bergerette*.

P. 42, l. 25. **Hideous scene.** Such "hideous scenes" are common in several European countries in the year of grace 1892.

P. 43, l. 23. **Friday.** Robinson Crusoe's domesticated savage.

P. 44, l. 6. **"Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon á manger?"** "Chevalier, have you fed the hog?" **"Ma fille, as-tu donné au cochon á manger?"** "My daughter, have you fed the hog?" **"Pucelle d'Orléans, as-tu sauvé les fleurs-de-lys?"** "Maid of Orleans, have you saved the kingdom?"

P. 44, l. 19. **The Oriflamme of France.** The ancient royal standard of France.

> "Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
> And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."
>
> MACAULAY: *The Battle of Ivry.*

"The oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermilion. Philip is said by some historians to have erected the oriflamme at Cressy, where Edward in return raised up his burning dragon,—the English signal for no quarter. The oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the infidels; for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from heaven."—*Southey.*

P. 45, l. 12. **Southey's "Joan of Arc."** This poem was written by Southey when he was nineteen years of age. Southey boasts that he wrote all but three hundred lines of it in six weeks: and describes it as a poem "crudely conceived, rashly prefaced, and prematurely hurried into the world."

P. 45, l. 22. **Coup d'essai.** First attempt.

P. 45, l. 29. **She "pricks for sheriffs."** An ancient ceremony, in which the names of the persons chosen to be sheriffs are pricked with a pin.

P. 46, l. 2. **Happy Lady of the Islands and the Orient.** De Quincey thus prophetically anticipates the title assumed by Victoria in 1876, — "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, *and Empress of India.*"

P. 46, l. 18. **"On the throne,"** etc. These lines are from the first edition of Southey's "Joan of Arc." The later editions read: —

> "Upon the throne
> Let some one take his seat, and personate
> My presence, while I mingle in the train."

The "juvenile effort of Southey," as De Quincey describes the poem, thus presents this dramatic incident: —

> "Soon is the court convened: the jewelled crown
> Shines on a courtier's head. Amid the train
> The monarch undistinguished takes his place,
> Expectant of the event. The Virgin comes,
> And, as the Bastard led her to the throne,
> Quick glancing o'er the mimic majesty,
> With gesture and with look like one inspired
> She fixed her eye on Charles: 'Thou art the king!'
> Then, in a tone that thrilled all hearts, pursued:
> 'I come, the appointed Minister of Heaven,
> To wield a sword before whose fated edge
> Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
> Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
> Send thou the tidings over all the realm, —
> Great tidings of deliverance and of joy;
> The maid is come, the missioned maid, whose hand
> Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
> Crown thee, anointed king.'"
>
> *Book III.*, 235–252.

P. 46, l. 20. **Un peu forte.** A little strong.

P. 47, l. 9. **Oil from the sacred ampulla.** Ampulla is a Latin word meaning a small jar or flask. In mediæval church Latin it denotes a vessel designed to contain consecrated oil. The word is used in the coronation service of English sovereigns. Thus, when Victoria was crowned, "The Dean of Westminster, taking the ampulla and spoon from off the altar, holdeth them ready, pouring some

of the holy oil into the spoon, and with it the archbishop anointeth the Queen in the form of a cross." The most celebrated ampulla in history is that from which the kings of France were anointed at Rheims, which, according to a national legend, was brought from heaven by an angel for the coronation of Clovis in 482.

P. 47, l. 11. **The English boy.** Henry VI., son of Henry V., was proclaimed king of England and France in 1422, at the age of nine months. The dauphin was crowned at Poitiers, as Charles VII., in the same year. Henry VI. was crowned at Westminster in 1429, and at Paris in 1430.

By the treaty of Troyes, 1420, the dauphin (afterwards Charles VII.) was disinherited, and Henry V. declared heir to the crown of France, and regent during the life of Charles VI. This treaty was solemnly ratified by Charles VI., and confirmed by the States General of France. Henry V. married Catharine, the eldest daughter of Charles VI. Henry V. and Charles VI. both died in 1422.

P. 47, l. 14. **The ovens of Rheims.** Rheims is "famous for its biscuit and gingerbread." In the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Rheims, the ancient kings of France were crowned. Rheims was an important town in the time of Cæsar.

P. 47, l. 21. **Appalled the doctors.** In later editions of Southey's poem this is changed to—

> "The doctors stood astonished, and somewhile
> They listened still in wonder."

P. 47, l. 27. Tindal's "Christianity as Old as the Creation" was published in 1730.

P. 47, l. 29. **A parte ante.** From something already past.

P. 48, l. 1. **Cottle.** The Bristol publisher of the first edition of Southey's "Joan of Arc."

P. 48, l. 16. **Paradise Regained,** Book I., 196–206.

P. 50, l. 15. **Coup de main.** An unexpected blow.

P. 52, l. 14. **"Nolebat uti ense suo, aut quemquem interficere."** "She did not wish to use her sword, or to kill any one."

P. 53, l. 18. **"She was made prisoner by the Burgundians."** Hume says, "The common opinion was that the French officers, finding the merit of every victory ascribed to her, had, in envy of her renown, by which they themselves were so much eclipsed, willingly exposed her to this fatal accident."

P. 53, l. 19. **Surrendered to the English.** She was sold to the English for ten thousand francs.

P. 53, l. 23. **Bishop of Beauvais.** Pierre Cauchon, Rector of the University at Paris, and devoted to the interests of the English party.

P. 53, l. 25. **Bishop that art,** etc. Probably suggested by the witches' address to Macbeth: "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised." *Macbeth*, Act I., 3 and 5.

P. 53, l. 28. **A triple crown.** The pope's tiara consists of a tall cap of golden cloth, encircled by three coronets, and surmounted by a ball and cross of gold.

P. 56. l. 24. **Nostalgia.** Homesickness.

P. 57, l. 25. **Woman, sister.** These words introduce a celebrated passage.

P. 58, l. 3. **From the four winds.** "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."—*Ezekiel* xxxvii. 9.

P. 58, l. 16. **Tellurian.** Inhabitants of *tellus*, the earth.

P. 58, l. 20. **Luxor.** A magnificent ruin in ancient Thebes.

P. 59, l. 6. **Marie Antoinette.** Daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, and queen of Louis XVI., beheaded October 16, 1793.

P. 59, l. 11. **Charlotte Corday,** believing that she should thereby free her country from the tyranny of the revolutionists, killed Marat, July 15, 1793. Two days afterwards she was guillotined, meeting death with calmness.

P. 60, l. 18. **Grafton.** Grafton's Chronicle was published in 1569.

P. 60, l. 22. **Holinshead.** Holinshead's Chronicle was published in 1587. It thus describes the maid: "Of favor was she counted likesome: of person stronglie made, and manlie: of courage, great, hardie, and stout withall."

De Serres, an old writer, says, "She had a modest countenance, sweet, civill, and resolute."

P. 61, l. 17. **Elder Christian martyrs.** The first persecution of the Christians by Nero was designed by that tyrant to cast upon them the odium of the burning of his capital. Rome, tolerant of all other religions, was hostile to Christianity. The Roman emperor was regarded as the divine head of the Roman state; and the Christian abhorrence of idolatry and polytheism was considered as enmity to the empire. Even Aurelian, "the noblest of pagans, the crown and

flower of Stoicism," deemed it his duty to sanction the extermination of a sect which he regarded as composed of atheists and enemies to his government.

P. 62, l. 21. **A priori.** Reasoning *a priori* deduces conclusions from definitions already formed, or from principles known or assumed.

P. 62, l. 23. **Ergo.** Therefore.

P. 62, l. 27. **Onus.** Weight. **Onus probandi,** the burden, or duty, of proving.

P. 66, l. 16. **Regent of France.** John, Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V. "Ingenious for war as in political capacity, John was hardly inferior to Henry himself."—*J. R. Green.*

P. 66, l. 16. **Lord of Winchester.** Cardinal Winchester, the only English member of the court that condemned Joan.

P. 67, l. 7. **Who is this that cometh from Domrémy?** "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" *Isaiah* lxiii. 1. Like most great English authors, De Quincey shows familiarity with the Bible.

NOTES TO "THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH."

P. 69, l. 6. **Vast distances.** "One case was familiar to mail-coach travellers, where two mails in opposite directions, north and south, starting the same minute from points six hundred miles apart, met almost constantly at a particular bridge which bisected the total distance." — *De Quincey.*

See note to page 75, line 16.

P. 69, l. 21. **Trafalgar.** A celebrated naval battle off Cape Trafalgar, on the coast of Spain, October 21, 1805, in which the English fleet under Admiral Nelson defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets.

P. 69, l. 21. **Salamanca.** A city in Spain, near which Wellington defeated the French under Marmont, July 22, 1812.

P. 69, l. 22. **Vittoria.** Another Spanish city, near which, June 21, 1813, Wellington "inflicted on the French a defeat which drove them in utter rout across the Pyrenees." — *J. R. Green.*

P. 69, l. 23. **Waterloo.** One of the great battles of the world, in which Wellington defeated Napoleon in person, June 16, 1815. Many monuments and street-names in London bear witness to the deep impression made on the English people by the struggle with Napoleon.

P. 72, l. 11. **Salle à manger.** Dining-room.

P. 73, l. 5. "'**Snobs**' and its antithesis, '*nobs*,' arose among the internal factions of shoemakers perhaps ten years later. Possibly enough, the terms may have existed much earlier: but they were then first made known, picturesquely and effectively, by a trial at some assizes which happened to fix the public attention." — *De Quincey.*

P. 75, l. 17. **Jury-reins.** Temporary reins: as a jury-mast is a temporary mast, erected in an emergency.

P. 75, l. 30. **Ça ira.** It will succeed. "Ça ira" was "the earliest (October, 1789) of the famous songs sung by the populace in the French Revolution, the refrain of which was suggested by Franklin's saying concerning the progress of the American Revolution, 'Ça ira' (It will go), meaning 'It will succeed.'" — *Standard Dictionary.*

P. 76, l. 21. **Sur-rebribed.** A word coined in imitation of the law terms *sur-rebut*, *sur-rejoin*, etc., and meaning bribed a second time by the same person who had given the first bribe.

P. 77, l. 14. **Posse, or posse comitatus,** is the force that a sheriff may summon to his assistance in the discharge of his official duty.

P. 77, l. 15. **Legal domicile.** "In a strict and legal sense, that is properly the domicile of a person where he has his true, fixed, permanent home, and principal establishment, and to which, whenever he is absent, he has the intention of returning." — *Story.*

P. 77, l. 26. **"Von Troil's Iceland.** The allusion to a well-known chapter in Von Troil's work, entitled, 'Concerning the Snakes of Iceland.' The entire chapter consists of these six words — 'There are no snakes in Iceland.'" — *De Quincey.*

P. 77, l. 27. **Parliamentary rat.** One who, from interested motives, deserts his political party.

P. 78, l. 3. **Forbidden seat.** "The very sternest code of rules was enforced upon the mails by the Post Office. Throughout England only three outsides were allowed, of whom one was to sit on the box, and the other two immediately behind the box; none, under any pretext, to come near the guard; an indispensable caution, since else, under the guise of passenger, a robber might by any one of a thousand advantages — which sometimes are created, but always are favored, by the animation of frank, social intercourse — have disarmed the guard. Beyond the Scottish border, the regulation was so far relaxed as to allow of *four* outsides, but not relaxed at all as to the mode of placing them. One, as before, was seated on the box, and the other three on the front of the roof, with a determinate and ample separation from the little insulated chair of the guard. This relaxation was conceded by way of compensating to Scotland her disadvantages in point of population. England, by the superior density of her population, might always count upon a large fund of profits in the fractional trips of chance passengers riding for short distances of two or three stages. In Scotland this chance counted for much less. And therefore, to make good the deficiency, Scotland was allowed a compensatory profit upon one *extra* passenger." — *De Quincey.*

P. 78, l. 7. **Læsa majestas.** Lese-majesty: usually a crime against the person of a sovereign.

P. 78, l. 18. **Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.** *Æneid, Book II.*, 311, 312.

The lines are taken from the description, given by Æneas to Dido, of the destruction of Troy.

> "Now was the spacious house of Deiphobus lying in ruins,
> Yielding itself to the flames: *next that of Ucalegon follows.*"
> *Howland's Translation.*

P. 78, l. 29. **Booked.** Taken passage. A 'ticket office' with us is a 'booking office' in England.

P. 80, l. 4. **Quarter Sessions.** A county court held four times a year.

P. 80, l. 23. **False echoes of Marengo.** "Yes, false! for the words ascribed to Napoleon, as breathed to the memory of Desaix, never were uttered at all. They stand in the same category of theatrical fictions as the cry of the foundering line-of-battle ship Vengeur, as the vaunt of General Cambronne at Waterloo, '*La Garde meurt, mais ne se vend pas*' [The Guard dies, but never surrenders], or as the repartees of Talleyrand." — *De Quincey.*

P. 81, l. 3. **A fortiori.** With stronger reason. An argument based on the axiom, "What is greater than a greater, is greater than the thing itself"; *e.g.* if A is greater than B, and B is greater than C, still more is A greater than C.

P. 82, l. 26. **Brummagem,** a corruption of *Birmingham,* a city noted for the manufacture of cheap and showy imitations.

P. 83, l. 29. **6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18.** A humorous imitation of the English method of referring to Acts of Parliament.

P. 84, l. 18. **Non magna loquimur.** We do not talk of great things.

P. 84, l. 19. **Magna vivimus.** We experience great things; strictly, we *live* great things.

P. 85, l. 11. **Nile.** The French fleet which had escorted Napoleon and his army to Egypt was destroyed by Nelson in Aboukir Bay, August 1, 1798.

P. 86, l. 9. **Marlborough forest.** Marlborough is a borough of Wiltshire, on the great highroad between London and Bath, seventy-five miles from London, thirty-two from Bath. "In the days of its prosperity forty-two public coaches halted daily at its doors."

P. 86, l. 29. **Wore the royal livery.** "The general impression was, that the royal livery belonged by right to the mail-coachmen as their professional dress. But that was an error. To the guard it *did* belong, I believe, and was obviously essential as an official warrant,

and as a means of instant identification for his person, in the discharge of his important public duties. But the coachman, and especially if his place in the series did not connect him immediately with London and the General Post Office, obtained the scarlet coat only as an honorary distinction after long (or, if not long, trying and special) service." — *De Quincey*.

P. 87, l. 11. **Accursed bow.** *Accursed* in the opinion of the suitors for the hand of Penelope. See Odyssey, Books XXI. and XXII.

P. 88, l. 24. **Turrets.** "As one who loves and venerates Chaucer for his unrivalled merits of tenderness, of picturesque characterization, and of narrative skill, I noticed with pleasure that the word *torrettes* is used by him to designate the little devices through which the reins are made to pass. This same word, in the same exact sense, I heard uniformly used by many scores of illustrious mail-coachmen, to whose confidential friendship I had the honor of being admitted in my younger days." — *De Quincey*.

P. 89, l. 21. **Mr. Waterton.** "Had the reader lived through the last generation, he would not need to be told that some thirty or thirty-five years back, Mr. Waterton, a distinguished country gentleman of ancient family in Northumberland, publicly mounted and rode in top-boots a savage old crocodile, that was restive and very impertinent, but all to no purpose. The crocodile jibbed and tried to kick, but vainly. He was no more able to throw the squire than Sinbad was to throw the old scoundrel who used his back without paying for it, until he discovered a mode (slightly immoral, perhaps, though some think not), of murdering the old fraudulent jockey, and so circuitously unhorsing him." — *De Quincey*.

P. 91, l. 9. **Households.** "Roe-deer do not congregate in herds like the fallow or red deer, but by separate families, parents and children." — *De Quincey*.

P. 92, l. 20. **Audacity.** "Such the French accounted it." — *De Quincey*.

P. 93, l. 5. **At that time.** "I speak of the era previous to Waterloo." — *De Quincey*.

P. 93, l. 5. **St. Martin's-le-Grand.** Great St. Martin's. A street in London named from the church of the same name. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is opposite Trafalgar Square.

P. 93, l. 8. **Attelage.** Team.

P. 94, l. 3. **Laurels in their hats.** For many centuries the laurel has been the emblem of victory.

P. 95, l. 6. **Badajoz.** A Spanish city stormed by Wellington in 1812.

P. 95, l. 16. **Three hundred.** "Of necessity this scale of measurement, to an American, if he happens to be a thoughtless man, must sound ludicrous. Accordingly, I remember a case in which an American writer indulges himself in the luxury of a little fibbing, by ascribing to an Englishman a pompous account of the Thames, constructed entirely upon American ideas of grandeur, and concluding in something like these terms: 'And, sir, arriving at London, this mighty father of rivers attains a breadth of at least two furlongs, having, in its winding course, travelled the astonishing distance of one hundred and seventy miles.' . . . The glory of the Thames is measured by the destiny of the population to which it ministers, by the commerce which it supports, by the grandeur of the empire in which, though far from the largest, it is the most influential stream. Upon some such scale, and not by a transfer of Columbian standards, is the course of our English mails to be valued." — *De Quincey.*

P. 95, l. 22. **The City.** The old central part of London, about a square mile in extent, is called *The City;* to this area the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London is limited.

P. 97, l. 16. **Barnet.** A market town eleven miles from London, on the great northern road.

P. 99, l. 3. **Fey.** Condemned to a sudden or violent death.

P. 99, l. 28. **Talavera.** A town in Spain, where Wellington defeated the French, July 27, 28, 1809.

P. 100, l. 5. **Peninsular army.** The British army in Spain.

P. 105, l. 22. **Βιαθανατος.** Death by violence. Βιαιος = violent. θανατος = death. De Quincey has well defined the words.

P. 110, l. 5. **Jus dominii.** The law of ownership.

P. 110, l. 15. **Jus gentium.** The law of nations.

P. 111, l. 1. **Monstrum horrendum.** Virgil's Æneid, Book III., line 658. De Quincey translates it. The reference is to Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, whose eye was destroyed by Ulysses. Odyssey, Book IX., 514 *et seq.* Æneid, Book III., 630 *et seq.*

P. 111, l. 5. **Calendars.** Three disguised princes, each of whom had lost his right eye.

P. 111, l. 14. **Al Sirat.** In Mahometan theology, the bridge over

Hades, its width that of a sword's edge, which souls must cross on their way to Paradise.

P. 113, l. 13. **Confluent.** "Suppose a capital Y (the Pythagorean letter): Lancaster at the foot of the letter; Liverpool at the top of the *right* branch; Manchester at the top of the *left*; proud Preston at the centre where the two branches unite. It is thirty-three miles along either of the two branches; it is twenty-two miles along the stem — viz., from Preston in the middle to Lancaster at the root. There's a lesson in geography for the reader." — *De Quincey.*

P. 113, l. 19. **Apollo.** The Roman god of light, prophecy, music, poetry, the arts and sciences. Apollo was often confounded with the Greek god Helios (the sun), who is represented as driving four fire-breathing steeds.

P. 113, l. 20. **Aurora.** The Roman personification of Eos, the Greek goddess of the dawn. She yokes her horses, Lampetus and Phaethon, to her chariot, and drives to open the gates of heaven for Helios.

P. 113, l. 24. **Pagan Pantheon.** All the gods of the pagan mythology.

P. 115, l. 26. **Sigh-born.** "I owe the suggestion of this word to an obscure remembrance of a beautiful phrase in 'Giraldus Cambrensis,' — viz., *suspiriosæ cogitationes.*" — *De Quincey.*

P. 118, l. 10. **Wrong side of the road.** "It is true that, according to the law of the case as established by legal precedents, all carriages were required to give way before royal equipages, and therefore before the mail as one of them. But this only increased the danger, as being a regulation very imperfectly made known, very unequally enforced, and therefore often embarrassing the movements on both sides." — *De Quincey.*

P. 118, l. 23. **Quartering.** "This is the technical word, and, I presume, derived from the French *cartayer*, to evade a rut, or any obstacle." — *De Quincey.*

P. 121, l. 8. **Shout of Achilles.** After the Trojans had slain Patroclus, and were driving the hard-pressed Greeks to their ships, Achilles, directed by Juno, showed himself to the enemy.

> "There he stood,
> And shouted loudly; Pallas joined her voice,
> And fear infused in all the Trojan host."
>
> *Iliad, Book XVIII.*

P. 127. **Tumultuosissimamente.** In the most tumultuous manner.

P. 127, l. 2. **Averted signs.** "I read the course and changes of the lady's agony in the succession of her involuntary gestures; but it must be remembered that I read all this from the rear, never once catching the lady's full face, and even her profile imperfectly." — *De Quincey*. The expression has in it a suggestion of death.

P. 127, l. 5. **Woman's Ionic form.** The Ionic column "symbolizes the fine proportions and the elegance of woman." — *Vitruvius*.

P. 128, l. 23. **Corymbi.** The Latin plural of corymb, a cluster; a form of inflorescence.

P. 134, l. 2. **Campo Santo.** "It is probable that most of my readers will be acquainted with the history of the Campo Santo (or cemetery), at Pisa, composed of earth brought from Jerusalem for a bed of sanctity, as the highest prize which the noble piety of crusaders could ask or imagine. To readers who are unacquainted with England, or who (being English) are yet unacquainted with the cathedral cities of England, it may be right to mention that the graves within-side the cathedrals often form a flat pavement over which carriages and horses *might* run; and perhaps a boyish remembrance of one particular cathedral, across which I had seen passengers walk, and burdens carried, as, about two centuries back, they were through the middle of St. Paul's, in London, may have assisted my dream." — *De Quincey*.

In his revision of his writings in 1853, the author thus writes of "The English Mail-Coach": Thirty-seven years ago, or rather more, accident made me, in the dead of night, and of a night memorably solemn, the solitary witness to an appalling scene, which threatened instant death, in a shape the most terrific, to two young people whom I had no means of assisting, except in so far as I was able to give them a most hurried warning of their danger; but even *that* not till they stood within the very shadow of the catastrophe, being divided from the most frightful of deaths by scarcely more, if more at all, than seventy seconds.

Such was the scene, such in its outline, from which the whole of this paper radiates as a natural expression. The scene is circumstantially narrated in Section the Second, entitled "The Vision of Sudden Death."

But a movement of horror and of spontaneous recoil from this dreadful scene naturally carried the whole of that scene, raised and idealized, into my dreams, and very soon into a rolling succession of dreams. The actual scene, as looked down upon from the box of the mail, was transformed into a dream, as tumultuous and changing as

a musical fugue. This troubled dream is circumstantially reported in Section the Third, entitled "Dream Fugue upon the Theme of Sudden Death." What I had beheld from my seat upon the mail,—the scenical strife of action and passion, of anguish and fear, as I had there witnessed them moving in ghostly silence; this duel between life and death narrowing itself to a point of such exquisite evanescence as the collision neared,—all these elements of the scene blended, under the law of association, with the previous and permanent features of distinction investing the mail itself, which features, at that time, lay —first, in velocity unprecedented; secondly, in the power and beauty of the horses; thirdly, in the official connection with the government of a great nation; and fourthly, in the function, almost a consecrated function, of publishing and diffusing through the land the great political events, and especially the great battles during a conflict of unparalleled grandeur. These honorary distinctions are all described circumstantially in the FIRST or introductory section ("The Glory of Motion"). The three first were distinctions maintained at all times; but the fourth and grandest belonged exclusively to the war with Napoleon; and this it was which most naturally introduced Waterloo into the dream. Waterloo, I understood, was the particular feature of the "Dream Fugue" which my censors were least able to account for. [Some critics had professed their inability to apprehend the meaning of the essay.] Yet surely Waterloo, which, in common with every other great battle, it had been our special privilege to publish all over the land, most naturally entered the Dream under the license of our privilege.

So far as I know, every element in the shifting movements of the dream derived itself either primarily from the incidents of the actual scene, or from secondary features associated with the mail. For example, the cathedral isle derived itself from the mimic combination of features which grouped themselves together at the point of approaching collision, namely an arrow-like section of the road, six hundred yards long, under the solemn lights described, with lofty trees meeting overhead in arches. The guard's horn again—a humble instrument in itself—was yet glorified as the organ of publication for so many great national events. And the incidents of the Dying Trumpeter, who rises from a marble bas-relief, and carries a marble trumpet to his marble lips for the purpose of warning the female infant, was doubtless secretly suggested by my own imperfect effort to seize the guard's horn and to blow a warning blast.

NOTES TO "LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW."

THIS, says Professor Masson, "is of as high importance as anything he ever wrote. It is, perhaps, the highest and finest thing, and also the most constitutionally significant, in all De Quincey."

P. 140, l. 4. **Levare.** Also, to console.

P. 140, l. 24. **Glimmering.** "As I have never allowed myself to covet any man's ox or his ass, nor anything that is his, still less would it become a philosopher to covet other people's images or metaphors. Here, therefore, I restore to Mr. Wordsworth this fine image of the revolving wheel, and the glimmering spokes, as applied by him to the flying successions of day and night. I borrowed it for one moment in order to point my own sentence; which, being done, the reader is witness that I now pay it back instantly by a note made for that sole purpose." — *De Quincey.*

P. 141, l. 7. **Eton.** A noted English school, preparatory to the universities, near Windsor, founded in 1441, by Henry VI.

P. 141, l. 7. **Foundation.** A permanent endowment: a scholarship.

P. 141, l. 20. **Graces.** The daughters of Bacchus and Venus, — Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.

P. 141, l. 21. **Parcæ.** The Fates, — Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who presided over human destiny.

P. 141, l. 24. **Furies.** The Avenging deities, — Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra, frequently called the *Eumenides* (well-meaning goddesses), since people dreaded to call them by their proper name.

P. 141, l. 26. **Muses.** Originally three in number. Hesiod first records the name of the nine: Clio (muse of history), Euterpe (lyric poetry), Calliope (epic poetry), Polyhymnia (lofty and miscellaneous song), Erato (erotic poetry), Melpomene (tragedy), Thalia (comedy), Terpsichore (dance and song), Urania (astronomy).

P. 143, l. 14. **Mater Lachrymarum.** Mother of Tears.

P. 143, l. 17. **Rama.** See Matthew ii. 18.

P. 145, l. 17. **Pariah.** Originally a member of the lowest class in India: hence a social outcast. De Quincey's life when a boy in London evidently developed his sympathy with the poor and despised of both sexes.

P. 145, l. 17. **Jew.** For many centuries the Jews were persecuted on the slightest pretext. For some horrible facts, see Hecker's "The Black Death."

P. 145, l. 19. **Norfolk Island.** An island near Australia to which the worst British convicts were banished.

P. 146, l. 6. **Sepulchral lamps.** Lamps placed by the Romans at the tombs of relatives.

P. 146, l. 24. **Cybele.** The mother of Zeus (Jupiter), and of the order of deities of which he was the head, hence called the "mother of gods." She was attended by lions, and wore a mural crown.

P. 147, l. 15. **Mater Tenebrarum, Mother of Darkness.** The Latin word *tenebræ* frequently denotes the infernal regions.

P. 147, l. 16. **Semnai Theai.** The name given to the Furies [or Eumenides] at Athens, where they were worshipped.

"The word *σεμνος* is usually rendered *venerable* in dictionaries; not a very flattering epithet for females. But by weighing a number of passages in which the word is used pointedly, I am disposed to think that it comes nearest to our idea of the *sublime*, as near as a Greek word *could* come." — *De Quincey.*

"This is prose poetry: but it is more. It is a permanent addition to the mythology of the human race. As the Graces are three, as the Fates are three, as the Furies are three, as the Muses were originally three, — so may the varieties and degrees of misery that there are in the world, and the proportion of their distribution among mankind, be represented to the human imagination forever by De Quincey's Three Ladies of Sorrow and his sketch of their figures and kingdoms." — *Masson.*

For a discussion of the elements of poetry, defined as "the expression of the imagination," independent of versification, see Shelley's "Defence of Poetry."

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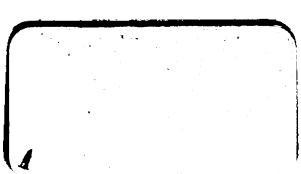
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